THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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Historical Society o

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1928.

"Orange Pekoe" is only the name given to a size of leaf—Some good, many poor, Orange Pekoes are sold—The most economical and yet the finest flavoured is "SALADA" Orange Pekoe—Sealed in metal—pure—fresh—delicious—43c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

289

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DOXSEE & CO.
Special Sale of
Millinery

You can save money by buying a Hat now, as we must sacrifice the balance of our winter stock.

25 HATS

Assorted Colors and Shapes, all this season's productions. Reg. $5.00 to $8.00

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In Sand, Grain and Grey. Reg. $2.50

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WOOL AND SILK STOCKINGS

In Sand, Grain and Grey. Reg. $1.25

On Sale 79c.

The Leading Millinery House

February Clearance Sale

Overcoats, Mackanaw Coats and Suits at less than Wholesale Prices.—All lines of winter goods at Bargain Prices.

You will need Rubbers for spring. Buy them now at Reduced Prices.

Spring Boots and Shoes are up. Our present stock now going at less than to-day's wholesale price.

Suits Tailored to Your Order $19.75 and Up.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Ralph Lawrence, late of the Village of Newburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the tenth day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

J. M. SIMPSON,
Solicitor for said Estate.
7-d

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

HOUSE TO RENT—On Centre street, all conveniences. Apply to V. COWLING. 8-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to T. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale By Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1928, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Herrington, Warner & Grange, Napanee, the following property, namely:

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the township of Ernestown, in the County of Lennox and Addington and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north half of lot number eight (8) in the third concession of the said township of Ernestown, containing one hundred acres more or less.

The above is a desirable farm property situated in a good locality.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE—10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to Messrs Herrington, Warner & Grange, Barristers-at-law, Napanee, Ontario.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for the Mortgagee.
9-b

MOSCOW NORTH.

The recent snow has made it possible for the farmers to get up their wood.

Mr. Rufus Wagar is busy sawing wood

Mr. Garnet Wagar is spending some time in Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff spent a Sunday recently at Mr. Fred Vanvokenburg's.

Miss Florence Kemp is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Coulter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ritchie spent Sunday with her parents at Sydenham.

Mrs. Norman Jackson, Mrs. Wellesley Coulter and son, Donald, were the guests of Mrs. Sanford Degroff one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown spent Sunday at Elmer Jackson's. Enterprise.

Mr. James Ritchie had the misfortune to lose one of his horses.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Albertson and family spent Sunday at Mr. Wellington Coulter's.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Huffman at her father's one day last week.

A number attended the Oddfellow's oyster supper on Wednesday night at Tamworth and report a good time.

Mr. Mitchell, of Kingston, called at Mr. Harry Albertson's one evening last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil King spent Friday afternoon at Yarker.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Eric Jackson, Enterprise.

Mrs. Norman Jackson spent the week-end at Enterprise with her aunt, Mrs. Bowen.

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

THE WEEK IN OTTAWA

BY R. J. DEACHMAN.

January, 1928—All day long the storm raged. The drifts piled high. The Canyley of the winds and the artillery of the wild blasts swirled and swung in mad rage about the streets. The army of men appointed before clean the ways to the House on the Hill, battled in storm and fierce endeavor. The wind drove the snow into their winter garments until they looked for all the world like walking images of snow men. Trains started with "Beautiful" away—yet still it came—far into the night the fierce battle raged. For it is the law of this land that the drifts between the house and the barn may pile up as high as the heavens, but the road between Wellington Street to the Senate Chamber must be made smooth as a billiard table beneath the feet of the men who make the laws.

All this, remember, was the day before! On the opening day itself, the sun shone forth from clear skies. The snow glittered in smiling mockery of the wrath of yesterday. Clear out to the Gatineau Hill in million toned facets of beauty, from light and shade, the sunlight glittered. glittered. The smoke lifted from a thousand chimneys clear and pure. Was it real? There was a tonic tone to the atmosphere. The frost etched in witched and weird patterns of frond and fern on the window panes. Silhouetted against the Northern sky-line, stood the pile of the Parliament Historic! Grand! Memories press and throng! Greatness has marched within its halls. Who was the greatest? Only God knows! Miltons may be mute, Cromwells guiltless, Gladstones, silent, while a Parvenu wakes the echoes with his strident tones.

The Opening this year was the gayest of the gay. Our growing National importance reveals itself in our strut. Two years ago Governments were shakey and the tones were sad. This year, color burst forth—this year it was a riot. Paegantry never loses its appeal to a Democracy. All such grand occasions must be military. "When the war drums throb no longer and the battle flags are furled." Parliaments will stay closed How could they ever be opened without the clink of arms, the flash of sabre, the rattle of guns, battles magnificently stern array?

From the House of Commons they march to the Senate Chamber to hear the King's speech. This gives a cue to the season's task, but the King's speech is so little. The scene entrances. There is Mr. King in resplendent uniform looking like a million dollars. Bennett is somber black, who really owns several millions, looks just about $500.00 less—Immaculate though he is, he can figure that his total ensemble is not worth so much. And don't forget Mr. Guthrie. He is a statesmen figure. He looks like the stock exchange, is hard on the hirsute adornment and Messrs. King and Bennett are square in the shaich, but stuffier, though thinning as he climbs the ladder of advancing years, still occupies a strong place as one of the best looking gentlemen in the House of Commons.

There is little to record in the Speech from the Throne. We are to have Ambassadors in France and Japan, an extra trade treaty or two, some customs legislation, a mooring mast in Montreal and a few other things. So far, so good! But legislation is really made in the rooms of the members. Amid all the boisterous hirarity of the re-unions which mark the early days of every Session, there is a goodly grist of solemn talk. Meetings together in groups of three or four, the members discuss opinions, air convictions, plan campaigns of actin and prepare for the work of the Session. Some of this will never bear fruit, but beneath the surface there is a godly measure of solemn, decent thinking and a Member of Parliament is a serious work in hand and does his work to the best of his ability.

And now what? The Opening is over, the Members return to the House of Commons. Mutual felicitations have been expressed among the Leaders, and the House adjourns—thus do we begin a Session of Parliament. The serious matters to come up this year are: In the realm of the Commons; St. Lawrence Canals, good, it is fair to say, for several years of discussion, and can it be? Budgent, involving the eternal question of tariff, income-tax and sales-tax. Then there are changes in the Customs Act, likely to lead to quite a bit of free for all discussion. There are things there should be set up, reformed or someone will kick over the bucket.

As a means of providing a storm cover for them, we have matters pertaining to Immigration. It is the friction corner, the hot-bed of contentment the administration. Every man in the street has his own solution—every man believes his own to be right. The man who is not dogmatic on this subject has not been born yet. Mr. Robert Forke will bear the brunt of the controversy. Add to all these things, the question of the visit of Sir Henry Thornton to Mexico, the desire on the part of the new Leader to make his impress felt and there is enough tinder to kindle the fire, to keep the house warm, no matter what the weather-man offers to the people of Ottawa.

That's all. The social scenes of the Opening are a thing of the past for another year. It was quietly by the clock in the big tower of the Parliament Buildings on the morning after. The cold bit close! The stillness of death hung over the city. A scrub woman wended her way to work, for the House must be kept spotless and clean. What did she think of it all? Before the City awoke to another day, she had finished her task and turned homeward again—"Home Sweet Home"!

Cross Cut Saws and Axes.

Also circular wood cutting saws, 30 inches in diameter.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

BELLEVILLE PRESBYTERY

The second annual meeting of Belleville Presbyterial of United Church of Canada, was held in Picton, January 24th and 25th, with a good attendance, and one hundred and twenty-seven accredited delegates. Mrs. Robert Miller, of Deseronto, read a much appreciated paper on "The Undeveloped Possibilities of Our Auxiliaries, and Miss Minni Shipley, of Bonan, China, gave two instructive and interesting addresses. Encouraging reports were received and the President, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, gave an excellent address. Special mention should be made of the "Quiet Half Hour" taken by Mrs. (Dr.) Bishop.

Officers elected for 1928 are:
Honorary President—Mrs. S. Russell, Belleville.
President—Mrs. S. C. Gay, Foxboro.
Vice Presidents—
Belleville Section—Mrs. F. W. White, Belleville.
Picton Section—Mrs. A. D. Way, Picton.
Madoc Section—Mrs. W. H. Hicks, Tweed.
Napanee, South—Mrs. F. L. Hooper, Napanee.
Napanee, North—Mrs. T. H. P. Anderson, Newburgh.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. E. L. Fraser, Trenton.
Corresponding Secretay—Mrs. Jas. Laughlin, Napanee.
Treasurer—Miss Lazelle Brown Belleville.
Christian Stewardship and Finance—Mrs. George Finlay Strathcona.
"Stranger's Secretary—Miss A. Hume, Stirling.
Supply Sec'y — Miss Thompson, Napanee.
Associate Supply's Sec'y—Mrs. F. A. Bennett, Shannonville.
Sec'y of Young Women's Work—Mrs. W. P. Rogers, Tweed.
Mission Band and Baby Band Sec'y—Mrs. Geo. Harris, Madoc.
"Missionary Monthly" Sec'y—Mrs. H. Hill, Belleville.
Literature Sec'y—Mrs. (Dr.) Gullit, Picton.
Press Sec'y—Mrs. P. MacMullen, Stirling.
Finance Committee—Mrs. Geo. Finlay, Miss Lazelle Brown, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. F. E. Comerford, Mrs. W. D. Harrson.
Nominating Committee—Mrs. T. H. P. Anderson, Mrs. A. Bennett, Presidents of Massassaga, Ivanhoe, Trinity Church, Napanee, Canifton and Morven Auxiliaries.
Delegates to Conference Branch Meeting—Mrs. M. E. Wilson, Mrs. S. Russell, Mrs. F. W. White, Mrs. J. G. Sills, Mrs. (Rev.) H. P. L. Seymour, Mrs. W. S. Gordon, Mrs Will Haggarty, and Miss Nellie Martin Belleville.
Alternates—Mrs. Bruce Robertson, Miss Ruth Wallbridge, Mrs. Helen Pelton, Mrs. Jas. Wilson, Mrs. R. Miller, Mrs. G. S. Sharpe, Mrs. S. Parker, Mrs. (Dr.) Bishop.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

WHITFORD S. BAKER.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago Peter Baker, the grandfather of W. S. Baker, came in to Hamilton and settled on the fifth concession, on the farm recently vacated by the deceased. After grandfather's death the eldest son, Peter Baker, with his wife (nee Mahala Ann Baker) continued on the farm. Of their family, Mr. Baker remained on the homestead until the fall of 1926, owing to ill health he was compelled to give up farming and came to live in Newburgh, where he died on the 19th inst. The funeral service was held in the United Church in Newburgh, on Tuesday, Nov 29th, conducted by his pastor Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, a large number of the former friends and neighbors being present. Interment was in the family plot in the cemetery at Camden East, where lie his wife and only children born to him having died in infancy, await the resurrection morning. There are left to mourn his widow, one brother, A. C. Baker, Napanee, and one sister, Mrs. R. B. Price, Camden. A quiet, unassuming, industrious man, a good neighbor and a faithful member of the church of God, his presence will be missed, but his life and memory will continue a benediction to all who knew him intimately.

ERNESTTOWN W. I.

Our January branch meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Ed Smith, with almost a record number in attendance, over fifty and several visitors. The meeting opened in the usual manner and the answers to the roll-call—being a humorous story—proved most amusing. The following, given by Mrs. J. B. Sharp, was considered the best, though there were many others which brought forth many laughs: "A June bride asked her husband to copy the radio cooking recipe one morning. The husband did his best, but unfortunately got two stations on at the same time. One was broadcasting the morning exercises, and the other, the recipe. This is what he got: Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes, and wash thoroughly in one half cup of milk. In four counts raise and lower the legs and mix hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale one half teaspoonful of baking powder and one cup of flour, breathe naturally, exhale and sift. Attention, jump to a squatting position and bend white of eggs backward and forward over head and in four counts make a stiff dough, that will stretch on the floor. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop on left foot and bake in a warm but do not boil to a gallop afterwards. In ten minutes remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe naturally and dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

Quite a little correspondence was read by the secretary, Mrs. Gordon Young, the most important being a circular letter from Mr. Whitman, asking, if possible, for a number of branches to combine for the summer series meetings, held in May and June, which after some discussion, we decided to do.

The Secretary Treasurer informed us that the grant from the Township Council had been received and was advised to acknowledge it with thanks.

Miss Jessie Thompson delighted us all with a recitation. Next followed a solo, beautifully sung by Mrs. Elastid and then a duet by A. C. Sharpe's recitation was humorous and so well given that it provoked much merriment.

The debate, "Resolved that country life is better than city life," was most interesting. The affirmative was ably taken by Mrs. Kensal Priest and Miss Muriel Miller, and the negative nobly upheld by Mrs. Bowe and Mrs. Clarence Thompson.

Many splendid arguments were advanced by both sides. When the decision for the affirmative was were sure we wanted to live in the country, and then when the negative won, they were sure they were the most believed we should like to live in the city. The judges, Mrs. Sproule, president of the Westbrook W. I. branch, Mrs. Mabee and Mrs. Robt. Hamm, of Odessa, had no easy task, as they said there was so little difference. The average age of the affirmative victors by just five points, and said that both sides had good arguments well presented. The losers were real sports and the first to come forward and congratulate the winners. A vote of thanks to the judges was moved by Mrs. Joel Kellar and seconded by Mrs. Milton Thompson and carried by a hearty applause.

We were glad to welcome three new members. Tea was served by our gracious hostess, who did much to make the afternoon the success it was.

The February meeting is to be held at Mrs. A. Crozier's, on Friday, Feb. 10th. Please note change of date. We are looking forward to Mrs. W. G. Freits' address on Bird Study. Sharpe's demonstration of Patience Candy.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

YARKER.

The regular meeting of the Yarker-Colebrook Institute was held in Mr. Arthur Cody's hall, Yarker, on Thursday, Mrs. Norman Boyce, presiding. Twenty-eight members were present. The meeting was opened by the members singing the Institute song, followed by prayer. The meeting was shortened and only really necessary business was attended to, owing to the presence of Miss Elsie Cameron, cooking class instructor, who has been conducting classes for the Yarker Institute members for ten days. The Treasurer reported $49.58 on hand. Minutes of last regular meeting were read and adopted. This Institute is taking on new members at every meeting; the roll-call was answered by 'Ways to make money.' Eight members are putting on a play in League Hall in February 3rd.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. T. Keyes, Colebrook, February 15th. Great interest has been taken by the members in the cooking instructions given by Miss Cameron, Government instructor, as is shown by the large attendance each day of the members.

The mother of Mr. Norman Boyce died Tuesday morning Jan. 24th.

Sleighing is god and farmers are making use of it, to judge by the teaming done.

No ice has been cut here yet.

Mrs. Harold Freeman has been appointed assistant superintendent of the United Sunday School here.

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BANQUET

On Friday evening, January 27th, at 6.30 over two-hundred mothers and daughters—Institute members and real or adopted daughters—sat down to the sumptuous supper served by the Napanee Branch of the Women's Institute, in the Masonic Hall. With the fourth annual affair of its kind and an event looked forward to from one year to the next. During the meal delightful band music was provided by Misses Aikenbrack, Lenore Black and Katherine Henderson. After a few Institute songs, led by Mrs. Valkman and Mrs. C. Reid, had been heartily sung by all, the toast list was proceeded with. Mrs. Toast Mistress, Mrs. Alpine Woods, remided the audience this occasion was also the seventh birthday of the Branch, this year there is a membership of a hundred and seventy-five and scope of the privileges and advantages pertaining to the Society. Proposing the toast to the King, all rose, and sang "God Save the King."

The toast "For Home and Country" was ably proposed by Miss Helen Grange, B.A., who spoke of Canada's great future, undeveloped resources; and the country is one sixteenth of the world's area, and possesses more than one sixteenth of world's resources, it has one half of one per cent. of the world's population. "No one can love her country without loving her home" said Miss Grange, and asked all to rise and drink a toast to our home and country. In replying Mrs. F. L. Hooper gave splendid description of the Economic beauty of this vast country and told of its fine people. Though there is a great mixture in our nationality, all love to be called Canadians.

Miss Mary McGrath then delighted her audience with a recitation, and generously responded to an encore.

Miss Marjorie Gibbard proposed the toast to "Our Mothers," stressing the significance of the need of mother in our language, of little linguistic mother-love so dear to all of us, giving examples of the greatness such persons as Julia Wesley, Napoleon, Burns, etc., as largely due their mothers. Then the speaker asked the daughters to drink with her this toast to mothers. Mrs. Gilchrist gracefully responded to this. There seemed to be nothing new to say on the subject and yet do we want anything new. It would be hard to live up to the eulogy just given, yet what opportunities for the making of real of mothers. This Confederation year we have heard so much of the splendid deeds of our forefathers, yet is not as much due our foremothers.

Mrs. Valkman sang a solo in her usual splendid voice and as an encore sang, appropriately, "Mother Machree"

The president then introduced the chairman of the evening, Lady Foster, of Ottawa, whose subject "The League of Nations, is a timely one for our community. When Sir George E Foster represented Canada on the League, Lady Foster also attended the sessions so has an intimate knowledge of her subject.

Rising to speak, Lady Foster presented a striking appearance in a gown of black and gold metallic cloth, with hat to match; and with dignity and assurance commenced her address.

She said "The backbone of women is the only thing that makes for peace or calls lasting good in the world, and the League of Nations needs that backbone." Not only should this Society pose as a supreme member which the Branch has been only too glad to do; but those present should be personally interested and become individual members. When proroguing Parliament last time, the King in his speech for the first time mentioned the League of Nations, saying "He watched with profound sympathy the steady growth in influence of this League and his government will base its policy on loyal co-operation.

Nation's agree we must have peace. As a beginning, after the war, thirteen allied nations joined together and their representatives drew up a covenant, fourteen neutral nations being added later, and this covenant of the League of Nations has been embodied in every treaty made since. The Council composed of the five chief powers and nine added ones, meets three times a year. The Assembly meets for the month of September and goes over everything pertaining to the League. Fifty-five nations belonged, three-quarters of the habitable part of the world, and one-three-quarter of the inhabitants.

The Secretariat is composed of five hundred men and women who speak every one of the eight tongues of Canada and who are there all the time, thus enabling the Council to meet any minute. They also have a library prepared for the setting up of the Council.

The International world court, where difficulties are discussed, is composed of fifteen judges and fifteen deputies chosen every nine years. They sit for the month of June at the Hague. An instance of their working of this court was given in regard to the Moroccan situation. This country remade its laws and one which decreed that every male born there should be a soldier, made great distress for the many English living there. The British Government appealed to the French Government, which very cleverly got out of the entanglement by saying that Morocco made its own laws. However, it was taken to the International World Court and the working of the optional clause—every-one accepts what the rest say—soon settled the difficulty. Canada alone, of all members has not accepted this clause, but it is probable she will during this session of Parliament.

The Independent Labour Office in Geneva helps the Assembly in all labour questions and makes decisions for them regarding hours of labour for women and children, etc.

Now what has the League done? It has stopped seven wars, the first in 1922, when Finns and Swedes were disputing over Islands in the Baltic, and the last regarding trouble in Albania and the longing Poland had always had for its capital Vilna. By representatives from each country, meeting in Geneva with those from other countries and freely discussing the situation, in ten days they accepted peace terms and all was settled. Then, speaking of the humanitarian side of the League's work. The trouble in Alsace-Lorraine, between the French and Germans for permanent possession is to be later settled by a plebiscite. Also, when Poland wanted an outlet to the sea, Tantzig was declared a free city and a corridor thirty miles wide taken from Germany, over which her citizens cannot pass without passports and the strictest supervision. Yet Germany is quietly accepting these terms.

Most wonderful of all, perhaps is the new life given Austria. In 1922 the country was dying because the krohn had so depreciated in value. A loan of demanded 34000 kronin as fare, yet this amounted to about fifty cents in our money. Conditions were terrible. By applying to the League, Lord Balfour was appointed chairman of the Committee, with the making of railways, telegraph, etc., and Mr. Zimmerman, the great financier, managed affairs so that in two years the kronin was stabilized, loans floated and soon the country left to its own management.

By the League's Health Organization, American doctors have been sent all over Europe to combat epidemics, a station established in Singapore. The opium trade is being watched and in India and Persia, where great percentages of revenue is derived from its export, a fine grade of tobacco is being substituted, from which even greater revenue may be had, also these countries promising to gradually reduce growth of former.

As another line of work, Nansen's repatriation of prisoners in faraway fastnesses, who were repatriated in a few months at a cost less than five dollars per person.

Another instance is of the Greek's gentlefolk, who had exchanged their olive trees for Damascus. The Turks suddenly wiped all these out of existence and thousands of Greeks died for lack of food. Canada sent aid and summoned help from England. Warships were sent and the refugees taken to Macedonia. The Germans sent huts and Henry Morganthau personally looked after them. Eighty millions was lent by the Banks of England and these people have been successful through good crops, having the biggest export of currants in the world, to repay all these debts.

England has the mandate—a trust held by the conqueror for the good of natives in parts of Mesopotamia and by forming a parliament of Mohammedans and advising King Feisal, the mandate is gradually lessened until in 25 years they will be able to look after themselves.

Lady Foster read a message from a Japanese lad, regarding the work of the League. Do we want war? No, say the six million dead; no, say the mothers; no, say the taxpayers and no, say the capitalists and industrialists. This is the first time in human history that such a method has been employed to end war.

Mrs. George Switzer graciously moved a vote of thanks to Lady Foster for her interesting and instructive address, and to all others who contributed to the program and success of the banquet.

The evening was brought to a close by all singing the National anthem.

The Members of the Napanee Poultry Association are entertaining their ladies and friends at their

ANNUAL BANQUET
in the
Paisley House, Napanee
FRIDAY, 3rd FEBRUARY
at 7 pm.

This, no doubt, will be the event of its kind this season as mine host Fitzpatrick has been instructed by the committee in charge to spare neither time or expense, and the poultrymen are noted as connoisseurs of chicken suppers.

The name of the speaker will be announced later.

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE MEMBERS OF THE NAPANEE Golf and Country Club will hold a St. Valentine's dance in the Paisley House on the evening of February 13th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

"MAKE THE GARDEN PAY"

is the title of a new 80-page booklet which the Bank of Montreal has issued and is now distributing free to all who ask for a copy.

This booklet is one of a series distributed by the Bank for the benefit of the farming interests of Canada. It contains practical, scientific and experience-tested advice and suggestions on how to make a vegetable garden pay. It is dedicated to the idea of "An acre garden on every farm in Canada."

A free copy of this valuable booklet is waiting for you at our nearest Branch. Ask for it by mail, telephone, or in person.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

Total Assets in excess of $830,000,000

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

JESUS MISUNDERSTOOD AND OPPOSED.

Sunday, Feb. 5.—Mark 3 : 19b-35 ; 6 : 1-6.

Golden Text.—He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name. (John 1 : 11, 12.)

Three serious charges are brought by men against the Lord Jesus Christ in this lesson. One is, that He was "beside Himself," mentally unbalanced, insane. Another, that He was Satan's tool, doing supernatural works by the supernational power of "the prince of the devils." And another, that He was an ordinary human being like the rest of mankind, and should be recognized as such.

Insanity ; demon-possession ; charlatanism ; that is what His own generation, including the foremost religious leaders of His day, and His own mother and her sons and daughters, and His intimate fellow-townsmen, thought of the One who "was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him ; and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life ; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness ; and the darkness comprehended it not" (John 1 : 2-5). The same passage tells us that this One was not only "in the beginning with God," but "was God." The lesson shows us, with shocking truthfulness, the attitude of the natural man toward Christ and God. Yet a well-known missionary writer says : "If the finest spirits of the human race should sit down and think out the kind of a God they would like to see in the universe, His moral and spiritual likeness would gradually form like unto the Son of Man." In sharp contrast with this unscriptural teaching is the statement of God's Word. "The carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be" (Rom. 8 : 7). Our lesson shows us what the natural man really thinks of the Son and the Father.

Yet multitudes thronged Christ. When He and His newly ordained twelve disciples went into a house "the multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread." Why ? Doubtless many and contrasting motives were mingled in those crowds. Some few had a real longing for the spiritual truth and the eternal life that only Christ could give them. Many others deserved the Lord's rebuke to the five thousand : "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled" (John 6 : 26). They wanted any material benefit they could get, like food and healing. Only the few wanted the Best.

A recent editorial in The Sunday School Times calls attention to the Sixty-ninth Psalm as throwing light on the misunderstanding of our Lord's mother and brethren. A marginal reading for "friends" (3 : 21) is kinsmen." In Psalm 69 : 8 is the Messianic prophecy : "I am become a stranger unto My brethren, and an alien unto My mother's children." The bright side of this tragic misunderstanding and opposition by His own human family is the fact that they became believers and were in the upper room, in prayer with the disciples, on the Day of Pentecost (Acts 1 : 14).

"It was the unpardonable sin that the scribes committed when they said that the Lord Jesus "hath Beelzebub," and by Satan's power was casing out demons. The Lord gave the solemn warning, in answer to this, that those who will not recognize and admit any difference between Satan and the Holy Spirit are committing the sin that "hath never forgiveness." God will forgive any and every sin that is brought to Him in confession by the sinner, and in faith in His Son as Saviour ; but God Himself can do nothing for those who see no difference between His Spirit and Satan.

The Lord also showed the folly of the scribes' charge that by Satan He was casting out Satan. Satan's kingdom was a real one, and was standing for the time being ; but "if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand." Then He prophesied Satan's doom, as He declared that one who would "enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods.....will first bind the strong man ; and then he will spoil his house." This was the reason why Christ came from Heaven to earth, becoming man through the virgin birth. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John, 3 : 8). The awful price that Christ had to pay was predicted in the Garden of Eden (Gen. 3 : 15), and was described fully in the record of the seven downward steps our Lord took in His self-humbling (Phil. 2 : 6-8). The reason God became man in Christ was not primarily to show men who God is, or how men ought to live ; rather, the Son of God became a partaker of flesh and blood, "that through death He might bring to nought him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2 : 14).

Those who are born into the family of God, becoming children of God by the second birth through faith in Christ are closer to Christ in actual relationship than were His mother and her other children, at the time of this lesson.

When He was told that they had sent for Him, evidently wishing to dissuade Him from what He was doing, He answered : "Who is My mother, or My brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother, and My sister and mother."

His fellow-townsmen in Nazareth were incredulous concerning Him, and insisted that He was simply "the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda and Simon." And are not His sisters here with us ?" So "they were offended at Him," or caused to stumble. Peter wrote later of Christ as "the stone which the builders rejected, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense, even to them which stumble at the word" (1 Peter 2 : 7-8). The Lord could "there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them."

Explosion Narrowly Averted.

A live shell was discovered in a truck of pig-iron, just before the load was thrown into the furnace at Gilbertson's steel works, Swansea Valley, England. Forty men were working nearby, and the shell was of sufficient calibre to shatter the furnace. Such finds among truckloads of pig-iron, it is stated, are not of infrequent occurrence.

500 Additional Families Coming.

Word comes from Ottawa that some 500 additional Irish families will come to Canada to take up farms in the West under the 3,000 family scheme in the spring, announces E. M. Johnston, superintendent of the Land Settlement Board at Edmonton. The majority of these settlers will be placed on farms selected through the Board.

A New Bullet.

A new bullet will make easier the task of capturing big game alive. The bullet inflicts only a flesh wound, but carries a chemical preparation which brings about temporary unconsciousness.

Films in Politics.

Films are to be used for political propaganda in Germany. The National Policy will, in the event of a general election, send out 400 travelling cinemas.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 4tf

COUNTY COUNCIL

County Council met in the Council Chambers, in the Court House, on Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Pawson, of Trinity Church, opened the session with prayer.

The Clerk read the certificates of the members elect of the County Council, 1928.

On motion of Reeve Elliott, of South Fredericksburgh, seconded by Reeve Aylesworth, of Newburgh, Reeve A. C. Tummon, Richmond Township, was unanimously elected Warden, and was escorted to the Warden's chair by the retiring Warden, Mr. Young.

Judge J. E. Madden administered the declaration of office, and congratulated Mr. Tummon on his elevation to the highest office in the gift of the County, and the session was open for business.

Ex-Warden Young, ex-Warden Loyst, ex-Warden Adams, and the Messrs. Elliott, Aylesworth, and Rev. Mr. Pawson, ex-Warden Johnson, and the members of the County Council heartily congratulated the newly elected Warden.

Messrs. W. J. Shannon, Chas. Anderson and Inspector Corbit also added a few remarks congratulating Mr. Tummon on his election.

County Auditor Wagar presented the audited statement of the County's finances for 1927.

Warden Tummon addressed the Council, thanking the members for the honor conferred on him, and expressing his confidence in the soundness of the policy followed last year, especially in the matter of road construction, and advocated that this year's road programme should be considered during the January session.

A motion appointing the following committee to strike the Standing Committees for the year, was passed. The committee was composed of Messrs. Aylesworth, Clark, Elliott, Miller, Johnson, Both, Cousins, Boyes, Campbell, and Carscallen.

The Special Committee reported recommending the Standing Committees as follows :—

Finance—R. J. Campbell, Chairman; G. A. Aylesworth, Secretary; A. B. Carscallen, F. S. Boyes, John Judge.

County Property—F. S. Boyes, Chairman; A. C. Miller, Secretary; G. M. Loyst, Chas. Both, J. S. Johnson, Frank Smith.

Roads and Bridges—A. C. Miller, Chairman; J. B. Elliott, Secretary; J. S. Johnson, J. W. Clark, R. J. Cousins.

Education and Printing—Chas. Both, Chairman; R. J. Campbell, Secretary; G. A. Aylesworth, A. B. Carscallen, G. M. Loyst, Allan Hitchins.

Police—J. W. Clark, Chairman; Allan Hitchins, Secretary; Frank Smith, John Judge.

Agriculture—R. J. Cousins, Chairman; J. B. Elliott, Secretary; J. S. Johnson, Chas. Both, Allan Hitchins.

Special County Road Committe, appointed under Highway Improvement Act, 16 Geo. V., cap. 15, sec. B., subsec. 4—A. C. Miller, Chairman; J. B. Elliott, Secretary; J. S. Johnson, J. W. Clark, R. J. Cousins.

The Warden is to be a member of all committees.

On motion the report of the Special Committee was adopted.

A motion, asking each Reeve to bring in an estimate of the amount of money required for maintaining the County Roads in his Township, said estimate to be presented to Council on Thursday, was carried.

Council adjourned.

Wednesday.

The Auditors' Report was on motion referred to the Finance Committee.

The report of the Warden and Clerk of orders drawn on the Treasurer since last session was referred to the Finance Committee.

The special Roads Committee reported, recommending that the claim of Elwood Fisher for auto damage, be referred to the Globe Indemnity Co. for adjustment. That the account of the Ernesttown Telephone Co., for removal of poles on County Road, be paid. Less the amount charged for use of County machinery.

That the action of the County Road Superintendent in closing the road at Floating Bay Bridge, on account of a washout, be approved, and that the Superintndent be instructed to fill in the washout.

A by-law to appoint members of the Board of Audit was introduced, and read a first time.

The Council went into Committee of the Whole on the second reading of the by-law, and the blanks were filled in with the names of Coun. Aylesworth and the County Clerk, and the remuneration five dollars per day each member, with the usual mileage.

Rule 38 was suspended, and the by-law read a third time, signed, sealed, and finally passed.

The Clerk was instructed to prepare a by-law to borrow $100,000 from the Dominion Bank to pay current expenditures.

The by-law was introduced, given its three readings, and finally passed.

A notice from the Ontario Good Roads Association, asking for the usual membership fee, was read, and the fee, $15.00, ordered paid.

A copy of the Grand Jury's report at the November session of the Fall Assizes, recommending certain changes and improvements in the Court House. Referred to County Property to report.

A communication from the Inspector of legal offices, re the vault in the office of Mr. W. P. Deroche. Referred to County Property Committee.

A notice of the meeting of the Good Roads Association was read and filed.

A communication from Mr. J. E. Lewis, Camden East, re claim for extra distance travelled in drawing milk to cheese factory, $25, during construction of a bridge, was ordered filed.

A communication from the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, asking for aid, was read and on motion $50.00 was granted to this institution.

A communication from the National Institute for the Blind, asking for aid, was read. On motion a grant of $100.00 was made to this institution. There are eight blind patients from this County who have received aid.

A communication from J. M. Simpson, re injuries received by Mrs. W. J. McGill, Centreville, while crossing a ditch. Laid on the table.

A communication and resolution of the County of Hastings, re the loading of trucks during wet or unfavourable weather, and asking the support of this County to memoralize the Highways Department to secure relief. A similar resolution from this County was ordered forwarded to the Highways Department.

A communication from the Ontario School Trustees and Ratepayers' Association, asking the Council to send representatives to their annual meeting, was read. On motion Mr. Aylesworth was re-appointed the County's representative to this association.

Council adjourned.

Thursday.

A letter from Dr. O'Connor, Tamworth, re Willet Pringle, was read, and a motion was introduced by Messrs. Carscallen and Judge, to pay Mrs. Pringle, the boy's mother, $20.00 per month for his support. The motion was carried.

A motion was introduced by Messrs. Judge and Carscallen, that the Provincial Government be memoralized to increase the gas tax in aid of roads. Referred to Roads and Bridges Committee, with the mover and seconder.

A motion by Messrs. Carscallen and Judge, that a by-law adding the road from Erinsville station to the Hungerford station, adding 2½ miles to the County Road System. Motion carried.

A deputation appeared before the Council, asking for a grant towards the Quinte Seed Fair. Referred to Committee on Agriculture.

A motion by Messrs. Elliott and Cousins, that the Council are in favor of holding three sessions instead of four, was laid on the table.

A motion was introduced by Messrs. Boyes and Johnson, that the County Council meet four times a year, that the sessions last three days, and that the indemnity of the member be $25.00 per session, with mileage. Laid on the table.

A motion was passed, authorizing the Warden and Clerk to issue necessary orders on the Treasurer between sessions.

On motion the Women's Institutes were notified to present their claims for County grant to the Reeve of their municipality, who will O.K. the grant and forward same to the County Treasurer for payment.

A motion was presented by Messrs. Clark and Johnson, to add a road from Woodcock school house to Sexsmith's corner, a distance of three miles, as a portion of the County Road System.

A by-law, appointing J. W. Robinson a school trustee for Napanee Collegiate Institute, and William Sutton a school trustee for Newburgh High School, was put through its various stages, and finally passed.

The claim of Mrs. McGill, Centreville, for damages received in falling off an approach to her property, was ordered filed.

A statement of committee services due 1927 Roads Committee, was ordered paid.

The resignation of Chief Barrett, as High County Constable, was received. Referred to Police Committee, with Reeve Boyes.

An account from H. C. C. Barrett, $8.00, was ordered paid.

An account from the Children's Aid Society, $153.30, was referred to Police Committee.

A claim from W. J. Mulholland, Newburgh, $10.00, for damages to fences and land, was ordered paid.

The matter of the additional amounts due Napanee Collegiate Institute and Newburgh High Schools, Napanee Collegiate $510.06, and Newburgh $245.05, was discussed, and the matter was laid on the table until Thursday.

A notice, re the conference of the County Road Superintendents and Good Roads Association, was received and filed.

Council adjourned.

Thursday.

A motion was passed, disapproving of the act to be introduced into the Legislature, which proposes to form Township Boards of Education. Township Boards would be an aid to some townships, but would work hardship to others, and the Council was of the opinion that the formation of township school boards should be optional with each township.

A statement from the Department of Highways, for maintainance and capital expenditure on Provincial Highways in this County in 1927, amounting to $2,298.07. On motion the account was ordered paid on July 10th.

Reeve Boyes invited the members of the County Council to spend the evening at his home. The invitation was accepted.

A communication from the Township of Stamford, re petitioning the Highways Department to pay all of the cost of Provincial Highways, was read. A petition was included, which was indorsed by the Council, and the delegates to the Good Roads Convention were requested to support the matter when brought before that body.

A statement of the expenses of the Mothers' Allowance Board was presented, $207.00. $150.00 has already been paid, and an order was passed to pay the balance, $57.00.

On motion of Messrs. Carscallen and Elliott, the Government was requested to reduce the membership of the Mothers' Allowance Board to five members instead of seven.

The motions laid on the table in reference to the number of sessions to be held, and the remuneration of the members were taken up, and the amendment fixing the number of sessions of Council at four, and the remuneration at $25.00, and mileage, per session, for all Reeves excepting the Reeves of Denbigh and Kaladar, whose extra expenses will be taken care of each session.

A by-law to amend the County Roads By-law, adding the road from Erinsville station to the Hungerford boundary to the County Road System, which was approved by the Highways Department, was introduced and read.

A by-law to amend the County Roads By-law, adding the road from Woodcock's school house to A. B. Sexsmith's corner, to the County Road System, when approved by the Highways Department, was also read, and both by-laws were given their several readings and finally passed, and will be forwarded to the Highways Department for approval.

Moved by Messrs. Johnson and Miller, that the equalization of assessments be considered this session.

Council adjourned.

Ex-Warden Loyst reported for a committee appointed in December to inquire into the matter of Betty Hawley, and their report was adopted, and the committee connected therewith ordered paid.

Several motions re equalization of the County assessment were presented and, after discussion, the matter was referred to the Finance Committee to report at the March session.

On motion Chas. Both was appointed a second delegate to the Trustees' Convention in Toronto.

County Road matters and tentative estimates of the amount of money required to maintain the roads, and the amount to be spent on new construction.

The County Road Superintendent presented his estimate of the work necessary this year, requiring about $48,000.00 for maintainance and $145,000.00 for new construction similar to that undertaken last year, making a total of $193,000.00.

Mr. Anderson also recommended the purchase of a one ton truck for road building use.

The proposed amounts were referred to the special roads committee to examine the figures proposed and secure tenders for the new construction, to be presented to the March session.

Moved by Messrs. Carscallen and Judge, that the Reeve and Deputy Reeve of each Township be added to the special roads committee while work is being done in his township.

Friday.

On motion the sessional indemnity of the Reeve of Denbigh was increased to $15.00, and of the Reeve of Kaladar $5.00, to cover extra expenses.

The County Property Committee recommended the purchase of a new Judge's chair, new linoleum for the barristers' room, new furnishings for the Judge's room, and several other items, and also recommended that the Court room. Also re-decorating and repairs to the corridors and Judge's Chamber. The matter of new vault doors, and new cavetrughs to be taken up at the March session. Report adopted.

The matter of the appointment of Auditors was referred to the Finance Committee to report.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending the adoption of the report of the Warden and Clerk as to orders given on the Treasurer. Recommend the adoption of the Treasurer's report. Recommend the appointment of one Auditor who shall make frequent audits and report to the Council each session.

Applications for the appointment of Auditor were received from S. D. Wagar and F. H. Lapum, the retiring Auditors. Referred to Finance Committee.

The report of the Finance Committee was referred back to the committee for correction.

Moved by Messrs. Boyes and Johnson, that the County Council memorialize the Provincial Government to make the Belleville Road from Marysville to Napanee a Provincial Highway. Carried.

Mr. Elliott asked for the yeas and nays. Yeas, 13; nays, 2.

The Education and Printing Committee were requested to secure contracts for County printing.

Expenses of Agricultural Advisory Committee were ordered paid.

The following accounts were ordered paid :—

Village of Bath, half expenses, re grain telephone, $60.00; W. J. Jewell $2.90; C. A. Wiseman, $1.55; Murdock Stationery Co., $9.00; Martin & Son, $30.00; Napanee Express, $29.50; Wallace's, Limited, $1.25; M. R. Reid, P.S.I., $19.61; Boyle & Son, gaol, $22.55; Dr. A. R. Williamson, $213.00; Sydenham High School, $100.00; Desaronto High School, $115.68; Picton Collegiate, $37.13; Napanee Collegiate, $510.06; Newburgh High School, $345.05.

SATURDAY.

The matter of the equalization of the assessment of the county was again re-opened and the former motion refering the matter to the Finance Committee was rescinded. The motion of Messrs. Johnson and Cousins that the matter be dealt with in open council was carried.

It was moved by Mr. Carscallen, seconded by Mr. Johnston, that the assessment be the same as in 1927, excepting that the assessment of the Town of Napanee be increased $250,000 and that a by-law be prepared for submission at the March session. Carried.

Account of Equipment Corporation, Limited, Harrisburg, Penn., for Registry Office supplies, was ordered paid.

Mr. Cousins presented the report of the Agricultural Committee, which was read and adopted.

Accounts of the caretaker, $1.00, and County Clerk, $17.99, were ordered paid.

On motion the usual amount was voted the Treasurer for postage and expenses.

On motion the county road superintendent was authorized to attend the Conference of road superintendents in Toronto.

On motion the members of Council, with County Clerk, will attend the Good Roads Convention in Toronto on February 22nd and 23rd.

On motion the membership fee of $25.00 was ordered paid to the Ontario Municipal Association.

On motion the chairman of the county roads special committee and the road superintendent were authorized to inspect all county road machinery and report thereon at the March session.

The account for the wig-wag at Ernestown station, $148.00, was referred to the Reeve of Ernesttown to report at March session.

On motion of Miller and Boyes, the Warden was authorized to attend a meeting in Toronto to meet the Provincial Secretary in reference to the care of senile patients and the establishment of convalescent homes for such patients.

Council adjourned to meet at the call of the Warden.

How one mother keeps young

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H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.

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The FOREST'S DAUGHTER

A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

This little story is the outcome of two trips (neither of which was in the Bear Tooth forest) during the years 1909 and 1910. The golden trail is an actuality for me. The camp on the lake was mine. The rain, the snow I met, the prying camp robbers, the grouse, the muskrats, the beaver, were my companions. But Berea McFarlane was with me only in imagination. She is a fiction, born of a momentary powerful handclasp of a western rancher's daughter. The story of Wayland Norcross is fiction also. But the McFarlane ranch, the mill and the lonely ranger stations are closely drawn pictures of realities. Although the stage of my comedy is Colorado, I have not held to any one locality. The scene is composite.

It was my intention originally to write a much longer and more important book concerning Supervisor McFarlane, but this is merely the very slender story of a young western girl who, being desired of three strong men, bestows her love on a tourist whose weakness is at once her allurement and her care. The administration problem, the sociologic theme, which was to have made the novel worth while, got lost in some way on the low trail and never caught up with the lovers. I'm sorry, but so it was.

CHAPTER I.

The Happy Girl.

THE stage line which ran from Williams to Bear Tooth (one of the most authentic then to be found in all the west) possessed at least one genuine Concord coach, so faded, so saddened, so cracked and so splintered that its passengers entered it under protest and alighted from it with thanksgiving, and yet it must have been built for comfortable men, for in 19— it still made the run of 120 miles twice each week without loss of wheel or even so much as molting a scrap of paint.

And yet whatever it may have been in its youth it was in its agesno longer a gay dash of color in the landscape. On the contrary, it fitted into the dust brown and sage green plain as defensively as a beetle in a dusty path. Nevertheless it was an indispensable part of a very moving picture as it crept, creaking and groaning (or it may be it was the suffering passenger creaking and groaning), along the hillside.

After leaving the Grande river the road winds up a pretty high divide before plunging down into Ute park, as they call all that region lying between the Continental range on the east and the Bear Tooth plateau on the west. It was a big spread of land and very far from an eastern man's conception of a park. From Dome peak it seems a plain; but, in fact, when clouds shut off the high summits to the west this "valley" becomes a veritable mountain land, a tumbled, lonely country, over which an occasional horseman crawls, a minute but persistent insect. It is, to be exact, a succession of ridges and ravines, sculptured (in some far off, post glacial time) by floods of water, covered now, rather sparsely, with pinons, cedars and aspens, a dry, forbidding but majestic landscape.

In late August the hills become iridescent, opaline with the translucent yellow of the aspen, the scarlet and crimson of the fire weed, the blood red of huckleberry beds and the royal purple of the asters, while flowing round all, as solvent and neutral setting, lies the gray-green of the ever present and ever enduring sage brush.

Through this gorgeous land of mist, of stillness and of death a few years ago a pale young man (seated beside the driver) rode one summer day in a voiceless rapture which made Bill McCoy weary.

"If you'd had as much of this as I have you'd talk of something else," he growled after a half dozen attempts at conversation. Bill wasn't much to look at, but he was a good driver, and the stranger respected him for it.

Eventually this simple minded horseman became curious about the slim young fellow sitting beside him.

"What you doing out here anyhow—fishing or just rebuilding a lung?"

"Rebuilding two lungs," answered the tourist.

"Well, this climate will just about put lungs into a coffee can," retorted Bill, with official loyalty to his country.

To his discerning eye "the tourist" now became "a usual". "Where do you live when you're to home?"

"Connecticut."

"I knew it."

"How did you know it?" The youth seemed really interested to know.

"I drove another fellow up here last fall that dealt out the same kind of brogue you do."

Bill was prevented at the moment from pursuing this line of inquiry by the discovery of a couple of horsemen racing from a distant ranch toward the road. It was plain, even to the stranger, that they intended to intercept the stage, and Bill plied the lash with sudden vigor.

"I'll give 'em a chase," said he grimly.

The other appeared a little alarmed "What are they, bandits?"

"Bandits!" sneered Bill. "Your eye sight is piercing. Them's girls."

The traveler apologized. "My eyes aren't very good," he said hurriedly.

He was, however, quite justified in his mistake, for both riders wore wide rimmed sombreros and rode astride at a furious pace, bandanas fluttering, skirts streaming, and one was calling in shrill command, "Oh, Bill!"

As they neared the gate the driver drew up with a word of surprise "Why, howdy, girls? Howdy?" he said with an assumption of innocence "Were you wishin' for to speak to me?"

"Oh, shut up!" commanded one of the girls, a round faced, freckled romp "You know perfectly well that Berrie is going home today. We told you all about it yesterday."

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Bill. "I'd forgot all about it."

"Like nothin'!" exclaimed the maid "You've been countin' the hours till you got here. I know you."

Meanwhile her companion had slipped from her horse. "Well, goodby, Molly. Wish I could stay longer."

"Goodby. Run down again."

"I will. You come up."

The young passenger sprang to the ground and politely said: "May I help you in?"

Bill stirred, the girl smiled, and her companion called: "Be careful, Berrie, don't hurt yourself, the wagon might pitch."

The youth, perceiving that he had made another mistake, stammered an apology.

The girl perceived his embarrassment and sweetly accepted his hand "I am much obliged, all the same."

Bill spoke with malicious laughter. "Out in the country girls are warranted to jump clean over a measly little hack like this," he explained.

The girl took a seat in the back corner of the dusty vehicle, and the opened conversation with her by asking what kind of a time she had been having "in the east."

"Fine," said she.

"Did ye get as far back as my old town?"

"What town is that, Bill?"

"Oh, come off! You know I'm from Omaha."

"No; I only got as far as South Bend."

The picture which the girl had made as she dashed up to the pasture gate—her hat rim blown away from her brown face and sparkling eyes—united with the kindliness in her voice as she accepted his gallant aid, entered a deep impression on the tourist's mind, but he did not turn his head to look at her —perhaps he feared Bill's elbow quite as much as his guffaw—but he listened closely, and by listening learned that she had been "east" for several weeks, and also that she was known, and favorably known, all along the line, for whenever they met a team or passed a ranch some one called out, "Hello, Berrie!" in cordial salute, and the men old and young, were especially pleased to see her.

Meanwhile the stage rose and fell over the gigantic swells like a tiny boat on a monster sea, while the sun blazed ever more fervently from the splendid sky, and the hills glowed with ever increasing tumult of color. Through this land of color, of repose, of romance, the young traveler rode, drinking deep of the germless air, feeling that the girl behind him was a wee drops part of this wild and unaccountable country.

He had no chance to study her face again till the coach rolled down the hill to "Yancy's," a ranch house, where they were to take dinner and change horses.

With intent to show Bill that he did not greatly fear his smile—the stage sprang down and offered a hand to assist his charming fellow passenger to alight, and she, with kindly under standing, again accepted his aid, to Bill's chagrin, and they walked up the path side by side.

"This is all very new and wonderful to me," the young man said in explanation, "but I suppose it's quite commonplace to you and Bill."

"Oh, no! It's home!"

"You were born here?"

"No, I was born in the east, but I've lived here ever since I was three years old."

"By east you mean Kansas?"

"No, Missouri," she nudged back at him.

She was taller than most women and gave out an air of fine unconscious health which made her good to see, although her face was too broad to be pretty. She smiled easily, and her teeth were white and even. Her hand he noticed was as strong as steel and brown as leather. Her neck rose from her shoulders like that of an acrobat, and she walked with the sense of security which comes from self reliant strength.

She was met at the door by old Judy Yancy, who pumped her hand up and down, exclaiming: "My stars! I'm glad to see ye back. Looks like the country is just naturally goin' to the dogs without you. The dance last Saturday was a frost, so I hear. So soup to the fiddlin' no gimp to the jiggin'. It shorely was pitiful."

Yancy himself, tall, grizzled, succinct, shook her hand in his turn "Ma's right, girl, the country needs ye. I'm scared every time ye go away for fear some feller will snap ye up."

The young tourist he signed AW. Norcross in Yancy's register watched her closely and listened to every word

The Girl Behind Him Was a Wondrous Part of This Wild and Unaccountable Country.

she spoke with an intensity of interest which led Mrs. Yancy to say privately: "'Pears like that young 'lunger' ain't goin' to forgit ye if he can help it."

"What makes you think he's a 'lunger'?"

"Don't haf to think. One look at him is enough."

Thereafter a softer light—the light of pity—shone in the eyes of the girl. "Poor fellow! He does look kind of peaked. But this climate will bring him up to the scratch," she added, with optimistic faith in her beloved hills.

A moment later the downcoming stage pulled in loaded to the side lines, and everybody on it seemed to know Berea McFarlane. It was hello here and hello there and how are ye between, with smacks from the women and open cries of "Pass it around" on the part of the men, till Norcross marveled at the display.

"She seems a great favorite," he observed to Yancy.

"Who—Berrie? She's the whole works up at Bear Tooth. Good thing she don't want to go to congress—she'd lay Jim Worthy on the shelf."

Berea's popularity was not so remarkable as her manner of receiving it. She took it all as a sort of joke—a good, kindly joke. She shook hands with her male admirers and smacked the cheeks of her female friends with an air of modest depreciation. "Oh, you don't mean it," was one of her phrases. She enjoyed this display of affection, but it seemed not to touch her deeply, and her impartial, humorous acceptance of the courtship of the men was equally charming, though this was due, according to remark, to the claims of some rancher up the line.

She continued to be the theme of conversation at the dinner table and yet remained unembarrassed and gave back quite as good as she received.

"If I was Cliff," declared one lanky admirer, "I'd be shot if I let you out of my sight. It ain't safe."

She smiled broadly "I don't feel scared."

"Oh, you're all right! It's the other feller—like me—that gets hurt."

The northbound coach got away first, and as the girl came out to take her place Norcross said: "Won't you have my seat with the driver?" and she dropped her voice humorously "No, thank you. I can't stand for Bill's slack."

Norcross understood. She didn't relish the notion of being so close to the frankly amorous driver, who neglected no opportunity to be personal. Therefore he helped her to her seat inside and resumed his place in front.

Bill, new broadly communicative, minutely detailed his tastes in food, horses, liquors and saddlers in a monologue which would have been tiresome to any one but an imaginative young eastern student. Bill had a vast knowledge of the west, but a distressing habit of repetition.

In this informing way some ten miles were traversed, the road climbing ever higher and the mountains to right and left increasing in grandeur each hour, till of a sudden and in a deep valley on the bank of another swift stream they came upon a squalid saloon and a minute postoffice. This was the town of Moskow.

Bill, lumbering down over the wheel took a bag of mail from the boot and dragged it into the office. The girl stretched herself and said: "This stag in' is slow business. I'm cramped. I'm going to walk on ahead."

"May I go with you?" asked Norcross.

"Sure thing! Come along."

As they crossed the little pole bridge which spanned the flood the tourist exclaimed: "What exquisite water! It's like melted opals."

"Comes right down from the snow," she answered, impressed by the poetry of his simile

He would gladly have lingered, listening to the song of the water, but as she passed on he followed. This opposite hill was sharp and the road stony, but as they reached the top the young easterner called out, "See the sawins!"

Before them stood a grove of cedars, old, gray and drear, as weirdly impressive as the cacti in a Mexican desert. Torn by winds, scarred by lightnings, deeply rooted, tenacious as tradition, unlovely as Egyptian mummies, fantastic, dwarfed and blackened, these unaccountable creatures clung to the ledges. "What do you suppose planted those trees there?"

The girl was deeply impressed by the novelty of this query. "I never thought to ask. I reckon they just grew."

"No, there's a reason for all these plantings," he insisted.

"We don't worry ourselves much about such things out here," she replied, with charming humor. "We don't even worry about the weather. We just take things as they come."

They walked on talking with new intimacy. "Where is your home?" he asked.

"A few miles out of Bear Tooth. You are from the east, Bill says—'the far east,' we call it."

"From New Haven. I've just finished at Yale. Have you ever been in a city?"

"Oh, yes! I go to Denver once in awhile, and I saw St. Louis once, but I was only a yearling and don't remember much about it. What are you doing out here, if it's a fair question?"

He looked away at the mountains. "I got rather used up last spring, and my doctor said I'd better come out here for awhile and build up. I'm going up to Meeker's mill. Do you know where that is?"

"I know every stovepipe in this park," she answered. "Joe Meeker is kind o' related to me—uncle by marriage. He lives about fifteen miles over the hill from Bear Tooth."

This fact seemed to bring them still closer together. "I'm glad of that," he said pointedly. "Perhaps I shall be permitted to see you now and again? I'm going to be lonesome for awhile, I'm afraid."

"Don't you believe it! Joe Meeker's boys will keep you interested," she assured him.

The stage overtook them at this point and Bill surlily remarked, "If you'd been alone, young feller, I'd 'a' give you a chase." His resentment of the outsider's growing favor with the girl was ludicrously evident.

As they rose into the higher levels the aspen shook its yellowish leaves in the breeze and the purple foothills gained in majesty. Great new peaks came into view on the right, and the lofty cliffs of the Bear Tooth range loomed in naked grandeur high above the blue green of the pines which clothed their sloping eastern sides.

At intervals the road passed small log ranches crouching low on the banks of creeks, but aside from these—and the sparse animal life around them—no sign of settlement could be seen. The valley lay as it had lain for thousands of years, repeating its forests as the meadows of the lower levels send forth their annual grasses. Norcross said to himself, "I have circled the track of progress and have re-entered the border America, where the stage coach is still the one stirring thing beneath the sun."

At last the driver, with a note of exultation, called out, "Grab a root, everybody; it's all the way down hill and time to feed."

And so as the dusk came over the mighty spread of the hills to the east and the peaks to the west darkened from violet to purple black the stage rumbled and rattled and rushed down the winding road through thickening gloom of civilization and dust at nightfall rolled into the little town of Bear Tooth, which is the eastern gateway of the Ute plateau.

Norcross had given a great deal of thought to the young girl behind him, and thought had deepened her charm. Her frankness, her humor, her superb physical strength and her calm self reliance appealed to him, and the more he pondered upon her the less he was aware of his own weakness and loneliness, and as the stage drew up before the hotel he fervently said, "I hope I shall see you again!"

CHAPTER II.

"This is our ranch."

BEFORE Berea could reply a man's voice called, "Hello, there!" and a tall fellow stepped up to her with confident smile.

Norcross awkwardly shrank away. This was her cowboy lover, of course. It was impossible that so attractive a girl should be unattached, and the knowledge produced in him a faint but very definite pang of envy and regret.

The happy girl, even in the excitement of meeting her lover, did not forget the stranger. She gave him her hand in parting, and again he thrilled to its amazing power. It was small, but it was like a steel clamp. "Stop in on your way to Meeker's," she said, as a kindly man would have done. "You pass our gate. My father is Joseph McFarlane, the forest supervisor. Good night."

"Good night," he returned with sincere liking.

The hotel was hardly larger than the log shanty of a railway grading camp, but the meat was edible, and just outside the door roared Bear creek, which came down directly from Dome mountain, and the young easterner went to sleep beneath its singing that night. He should have dreamed of the happy mountain girl, but he did not. On the contrary, he imagined himself back at college in the midst of innumerable freshmen yelling: "Bill McCoy! Bill McCoy!"

He woke a little bewildered by his strange surroundings, and when he became aware of the cheap bed, the flimsy washstand, the ugly wall paper and thought how far he was from home and friends he not only sighed, he shivered. The room was chill, the pitcher of water cold almost to the freezing point, and his joints were stiff and painful from his ride. What folly to come so far into the wilderness at this time!

As the eastern youth crawled from his bed and looked from the window he was still further disheartened. In the foreground stood a half dozen frame buildings, graceless and cheap, without tree or shrub to give shadow or charm of line—all in the blank, sere. But under his window the stream was singing its glorious mountain song, and away to the west rose the aspiring peaks from which it came, the sapping peaks from which it came, the sapping peaks from which it came, and on the lower foothills the frost touched foliage glowed like a mosaic of jewels.

Dressing hurriedly he went down to the small barroom, whose litter of duffle bags, guns, saddles and camp utensils gave evidence of the presence of many hunters and fishermen. The slovenly landlord was poring over a newspaper, while a discouraged half grown youth was sludging the floor with a mop. But a cheerful clamor from an open door at the back of the hall told that breakfast was on.

Returning over the threshold, Norcross found himself seated at table with some five or six men in corduroy jackets and laced boots, who were, in fact, merchants and professional men from Denver and Chicago, but in dress and such game as the law allowed, and all in holiday mood. They joked the waiter girls and joshed one another in noisy good fellowship, ignoring the slim youth in English riding suit, who came in with an air of mingled melancholy and timidity and took a seat at the lower corner of the long table.

As he looked about the room the tourist's eye was attracted by four young fellows seated at a small table to his right. They wore rough shirts of an olive-green shade and their faces were wind scorched, but their voices held a pleasant tone, and something in the manner of the landlady toward them made them noticeable. Norcross later asked her who they were.

"They're forest boys"

"Forestry boys?"

"Yes. The supervisor's office is here, and these boys are his help."

This information added to Norcross' interest and cheered him a little. He knew something of the United States forest service and had been told that many of the rangers were college men. He resolved to make their acquaintance. "If I'm to stay here they will help me endure the exile," he said.

After breakfast he went forth to find the postoffice, expecting a letter of instructions from Meeker. He found nothing of the sort, and this quite disconcerted him.

"The stage is gone," the postmistress told him, "and you can't get up till day after tomorrow. You might reach Meeker by using the government phone, however."

"Where will I find the government phone?"

"Down in the supervisor's office. They're very accommodating. They'll let you use it if you tell them who you want to reach."

It was impossible to miss the forestry building for the reason that a handsome flag fluttered above it. The door being open, Norcross perceived from the threshold a young clerk at work on a typewriter, while in a corner close by the window another and older man was working intently on a map.

"Is this the office of the forest supervisor?" asked the youth.

The man at the machine looked up and pleasantly answered: "It is, but the supervisor is not in yet. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"It may be you can. I am on my way to Meeker's mill for a little outing. Perhaps you could tell me where Meeker's mill is and how I can best get there."

The man at the map meditated. "It's not far, some eighteen or twenty miles, but it's over a pretty rough trail."

"What kind of a place is it?"

"Very charming. You'll like it. Real mountain country."

This officer was a plain featured man of about thirty-five, with keen and clear eyes. His voice, though strongly nasal, possessed a note of manly sincerity. As he studied his visitor he smiled.

"You look brand new. Haven't had time to season check, have you?"

"No. I'm a stranger in a strange land."

"Out for your health?"

"Yes. My name is Norcross. I'm just getting over a severe illness, and I'm up here to my ground and fish and recuperate—if I can."

"You can—you will. You can't help it," the other assured him. "Join one of our surveying crews for a week and I'll mellow that suit of yours and make a real mountaineer of you. I see you wear a Sigma Chi pin. What was your school?"

"I am a 'Son of Eli.' Last year's class."

The other man displayed his fob. "I'm ten classes ahead of you. My name is Nash. I'm what they call an 'expert.' I'm up here doing some examining and surveying for a big ditch they're putting in. I was rather in hopes you had come to join our ranks. We sons of Eli are holding the conservation fort these days, and we need help."

"My knowledge of your work is rather vague," admitted Norcross. "My father is in the lumber business, but his point of view isn't exactly yours."

"He slays 'em, does he?"

"He did. He helped devastate Michigan."

"After me the deluge! I know the kind. Why not make yourself a sort of vicarious atonement?"

Norcross smiled. "I had not thought of that. It would help some, wouldn't it?"

"It certainly would. There's no great money in the work, but it's about the most enlightened of all the governmental bureaus."

Norcross was strongly drawn to this forester, whose tone was that of a highly trained specialist. "I rode up on the stage yesterday with Miss Berrie McFarlane."

"The supervisor's daughter?"

"She seemed a fine western type."

"She's not a type; she's an individual. She hasn't her like anywhere I've gone. She cuts a wide swath up here. Being an only child, she's both son and daughter to McFarlane. She knows more about every thing than her father. In fact, half the time he depends on her judgment."

Norcross was interested, but did not want to take up valuable time. He said, "Well, I'll not let me use your telephone to Meeker's?"

"Very sorry, but our line is out of order. You'll have to wait a day or so, or use the mails. You're too late for today's stage, but it's only a short ride across."

As they were talking a girl came galloping up to the hitching post and slid from her horse. It was Berea McFarlane. "Good morning, Emery," she called to the surveyor. "Good morning," she nodded at Norcross. "How do you find yourself this morning?"

"Homesick," he replied smilingly.

"Why so?"

"I'm disappointed in the town."

Berrie looked round at the forlorn shops, the irregular sidewalks, the

"Good morning," she nodded at Norcross. "How do you find yourself this morning?"

grassless yards. "It isn't very pretty, that's a fact, but you can always forget it by just looking up at the high country. When you going up to the mill?"

"I don't know. I haven't had any word from Meeker, and I can't reach him by telephone."

"I know. The line is short circuited somewhere. But they've sent a man out. He may close it any minute."

"Where's the supervisor?" asked Nash.

"He's gone over to Moore's cutting. How are you getting on with those plats?"

"Very well. I'll have 'em all in shape by Saturday."

"Come in and make yourself at home," said the girl to Norcross. "You'll find the papers two or three days old," she smiled. "We never know about anything here till other people have forgotten it."

Norcross followed her into the office, curious to know more about her. She was so changed from his previous conception of her that he was puzzled. She had the directness and the brevity of phrase of a business man as she opened letters and discussed their contents with the men.

"Truly she is different," thought Norcross, and yet she lost something by reason of the display of her proficiency as a clerk. "I wish she would leave business to some one else," he inwardly grumbled as he rose to go.

She looked up from her desk. "Come in again later. We may be able to reach the mill."

He thanked her and went back to his hotel, where he overhauled his outfit and wrote some letters. His disgust of the town was lessened by the presence of that handsome girl, and the hope that he might see her at luncheon made him impatient of the clock.

She did not appear in the dining room, and when Norcross inquired of Nash whether she took her meals at the hotel or not the expert replied: "No, she goes home. The ranch is only a few miles down the valley. Occasionally we invite her, but she don't think much of the cooking."

One of the young surveyors put in a word: "I shouldn't think she would. I'd ride ten miles any time to eat one of Mrs. McFarlane's dinners."

"Yes," agreed Nash, with a reflective look in his eyes. "She's a mighty fine girl, and I join the boys in wishing her better luck than marrying Cliff Belden."

"Is it settled that way?" asked Norcross.

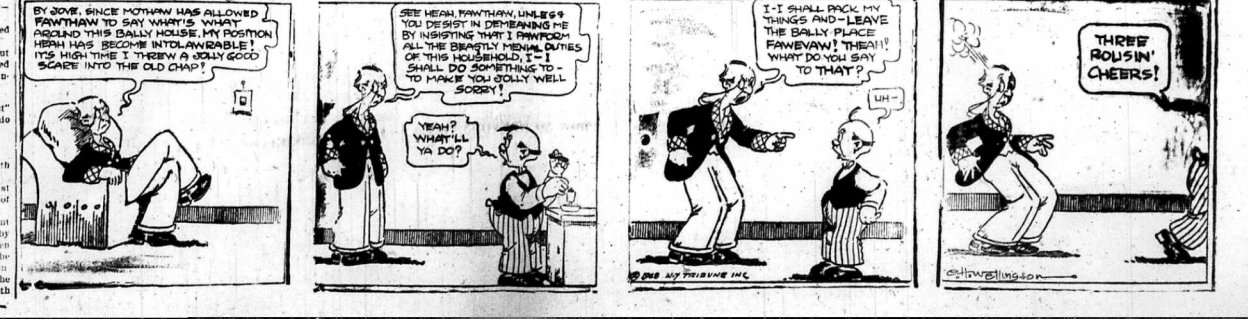
"Yes. The supervisor warned us all, but even he never has any good words for Belden. He's a surly cuss and violently opposed to the new rules. Belden is one of the proprietors of the Meeker mill, and they have all tried to bulldoze Landon, our ranger over there. By the way, you'll like Landon. He's a Harvard man and a good rancher. His shack is only a half mile from Meeker's house. It's a pretty well known fact that Alec Belden is part proprietor of a saloon over there that worries the supervisor worse than anything. Cliff swears he's not connected with it, but he's more or less sympathetic with the crowd."

Norcross, already deeply interested in the present and future of a girl whom he had met for the first time only the day before, was quite ready to give up his trip to Meeker.

Early on the second morning he went to the postoffice—which was also the telephone station—to get a letter or message from Meeker. He found neither. But as he was standing in the door undecided about taking the stage

(Continued on page 5)

Pa's Son-in-Law


PA'S SON-IN-LAW
BY JOVE, SINCE MOTHAW HAS ALLOWED FAWTHAW TO SAY WHAT'S WHAT AROUND THIS BALLY HOUSE, MY POSITION HEAH HAS BECOME INTOLAWRABLE! IT'S HIGH TIME I THREW A JOLLY GOOD SCARE INTO THE OLD CHAP!
SEE HEAH, FAWTHAW, UNLESS YOU DESIST IN DEMEANING ME BY INSISTING THAT I PAWFORM ALL THE BEASTLY MENIAL DUTIES OF THIS HOUSEHOLD, I-I SHALL DO SOMETHING TO-TO MAKE YOU JOLLY WELL SORRY!
YEAH? WHAT'LL YA DO?
HIP HOORAY
BY WELL
I-I SHALL PACK MY THINGS AND-LEAVE THE BALLY PLACE FAWEVAW! THEAH! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?
UH-
INTOCAR
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GIVE HER JUST ENOUGH TO DRINK

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

"Your plates are all buckled and warped" said the battery man. "What makes them get that way?"

"Overheating. You went all summer without ever testing that battery."

A battery must not get hot if it is to last. If it reaches a temperature of 120 degrees F. it probably will be ruined. On a hot summer's day test the temperature of the battery with a thermometer. If the fluid is at or around one hundred degrees run with spark lights burning. This will absorb most of the current supplied by the generator. To fail to do so is to overcharge the battery, which causes the overheating, which warps and bends your plates. A warped plate will drop its contents, its wooded separators won't fit, you may get an internal short circuit and the battery simply ceases to function usually when you need it most.

You have not filled the battery often enough as one thing takes off its life, and at another time you have filled it too full.

But how do you know? Look for yourself. If there was a mark on the plates, that's where your battery fluid level was when you opened it—half an inch of plate sticking out over the fluid. That does two things to the battery. In the first place it makes the solution too strong in acid because too deficient in water, and in the second, it makes part of your battery do the work which all of it should do.

At another time or times you overfilled the battery; you poured in distilled water until it filled up the filling holes to the very brim. Then you put on the caps and went on your way rejoicing. Meanwhile, when your battery commenced to function, it got warm, bubbles of gas came into the fluid and it expanded, pushed its way out through the breather holes, ran down on top of the battery, then onto the wooden case, ate part of that up, made a deposit of corrosion on the terminals, weakened the electrolyte and generally played heck with the works.

Give your battery just enough to drink—and no more.

REGULATING THE EGG TRADE

A very marked improvement in the egg trade of Canada has been made during the last seven years. The annual production of eggs in Canada in 1920 was 144 million dozens. According to a statement that appears in the Report of the Honourable Mr. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, for the past fiscal year, Canada is now producing annually more than 260 million dozens. This increase of production has been required to meet the home demand, which, it is pointed out, is a direct result of the application of the egg standards and efforts of the egg inspection service. Dealers throughout the country, it is pointed out by the Minister, are now practically unanimous in ascribing improvements in the egg trade to the adoption of the standards and regulations for marketing. Farmers have become interested in the production of a better product. Dealers find transactions profitable where previously there was a loss. The urban retailers have a better product to sell to the consuming public, resulting in more and better business to all parties engaged in egg production and marketing. Much credit must be given for this great improvement in the egg industry to the inspection service, that besides presenting to dealers and the public the benefits of trading in a standardized product, also give lectures before rural bodies, women's clubs, etc., and candling and grading demonstrations at the principal exhibitions throughout Canada, school fairs, boys' and girls' clubs, and other organized bodies interested in eggs.

The Canadian egg regulations require approval inspection on interprovincial shipments in carlots and on export and import shipments. During the fiscal year reported by the Minister, more than a half million dozen cases went through the hands of the inspectors, an increase of about 80,000 cases over the previous year. Of the shipments inspected in 1925-26 practically 4,000 shipments were approved, while 300 failed to justify a clear bill for shipment. The regulations also require that all eggs sold in a domestic way be graded according to the Canadian legal standards. The officers of the egg inspection staff are constantly checking up the grading of eggs in the premises of wholesale and retail dealers and during 1927 made approximately 30,000 such calls, inspecting eggs, checking up methods of doing business and correcting abuses and irregularities. While for the most part the business was found to be conducted in harmony with the regulations, it was necessary during the year to conduct 64 prosecutions for illegal practices. Of these all but six, which were dismissed on technicalities, were sustained.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, Third in series on the Lord's Prayer—"Thy Kingdom Come."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Sermon, "Intolerance."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting and Bible Study.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Wanted.

Clothes cleaned and pressed at the house, Bridge street, East. 7-cp
A. S. HAMILTON.

False Alarm.

Early Sunday morning an alarm of fire was rung in from Box 27, located on Centre street, near the home of Mr. Geo. A. Clarke. On the arrival of the firemen no fire was invevidence and the men felt decidedly sore for having been called from their warm beds at that time in the morning, on a fool's errad. The police got busy and two young lads appeared before the Magistrate on Monday, charged with the offense, and were remanded for eight days.

With the Curlers.

Thursday evening of last week four rinks of curlers from the Belleville Curling Club paid a visit to Napanee and were defeated by the Napanee curlers, in the first of the C.O.C.L. series, by 14 shots. At the conclusion of the game light refreshments were served. Following are the rinks and scores;

Napanee.	Belleville.
C. Drew	Capt. Albinson
J. L. Boyes	Capt. Bottum
D. Pringle	P. O. Pitney
F. Bell,	A. Jones
Skip—15	Skip—10
W. J. Jewell	B. L. Hyman
P. Gleason	J. G. Galloway
H. Lapsley	A. P. Allen
F. Vanalstyne	W. Belair
Skip—14	Skip—12
Dr. McLaughlin	J. Walsh
A. Kimmerly	A. R. Symmons
L. Dafoe	T. J. Hurley
M. P. Graham	R. J. Wray
Skip—19	Skip— 7
R. J. Gilbride	E. Catcher
J. Marshall	S. Dawkins
H. W. Huffman	R. Backus
C. I. Maybee	Dr. Day
Skip—12	Skip —17

Napanee Wins at Belleville.

On Monday evening four rinks of curlers paid a return visit to Belleville and defeated the Belleville curlers by 16 shots. Following are the scores of the rinks skipped by:

Napanee	Belleville.
J. L. Boyes--14	R. A. Backus--12
M. Graham--13	R. J. Wray--11
F. Bell --24	W. Belair --10
C. Maybee--13	A. Jones --15
64	48
48	
Napanee up 16	

Accomplished Blind Organist at Trinity Church, Napanee.

As Mr. H. Treneer, A.T.C.M., the blind organist of King St. Church, Oshawa, felt his way to the Trinity Church organ last Sunday morning, the words of Richard King, who devoted a large share of the profits of his three books, "Over the Hillside with Silent Friends," to "St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind," came to the mind of the writer of these notes. "The sight of a blind man touches me more deeply than anything else in the whole world. Knowing them as I do and loving them so well, I cannot see a blind man in the street without desiring to fall down in humility and respect. For the courage of the blind is greater than any courage shown on the field of battle. It passeth all understanding. And it endureth—yes, that is the tragedy of it all—it endureth until the end of life." How praiseworthy then, is the achievements of a man whose world is limited to the reach of his hands and hearing, who has made himself accomplished in the fine art of music. For that is what Mr. Treneer is, a writer of the manner in which he led the service of praise, his recital at the organ before the evening service, and his rendering of two solos at both services, were greatly admired by the splendid congregations which had been drawn to hear him. The recital numbers were: Toccata, by Dubois; Allegretto Pastorale, by Gaul; Overture to Sibelia by Von Floten. Improvisation on the hymn, "Silent Night." Mr. Treneer's accomplishment last Sunday is more noteworthy in view of the fact that Trinity Church organ is constructed differently from the organ on which he plays each Sunday in Oshawa. He was greatly indebted to Miss Katherine Baird for familiarizing him with the mechanical control of the organ, and the arrangement of the stops. Miss Baird, with characteristic distinction, also played the organ accompaniments to his vocal solos at both services. These were: At the morning service, "Open the Gates of the Temple" and at the evening service, "The Ninety and Nine." The choir merit the greatest praise for their work at both services in their rendering of the anthems: "Just as I am," "The Radiant Morn" and "Glory the Day is Over." Mr. Treneer is a resident of Toronto and organist of King St. Church, Oshawa, of which Mr. C. W. DeMille is minister. His visit here, and that of Prof. Baird's to direct the service of praise and give an organ recital at King St., Oshawa, were arranged by the Musical Committees of both churches. While in Napanee, Mr. Treneer was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vandervoort.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Morning service 10.30 a.m. Evening Service, 7 o'clock. 2.45—Sunday School. 6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.

AN ACRE GARDEN ON EVERY FARM

BANK OF MONTREAL ISSUES NEW BOOKLET ENTITLED "MAKE THE GARDEN PAY"

We have just received for review a very useful and interesting booklet dealing with a small, but by no means unimportant, part of the farm—the garden. This book, which is entitled "Make the Garden Pay," is being distributed by the Bank of Montreal, which has already issued a number of handbooks on farming subjects, such as cows, poultry, hogs and sheep, but this latest publication will have a wider appeal, as almost everybody is interested in gardening. Vegetables from the market are not so fresh and appetizing as those grown in one's own garden, and no piece of land equal in size will give as much yield from the money standpoint as a properly tended garden.

The booklet gives directions and advice in connection with the preparation of soil, the buying of seed and the various varieties best suited to Canadian conditions; also in regard to hot beds, irrigation, harvesting and storing.

It is written by experts, but in simple language, and is profusely illustrated.

The garden, the book states, should be reasonably convenient to the house, but not a "botched-up" patch in the corner. It should be planted in long straight rows far enough apart to cultivate with a team and field cultivator. Such a garden will give the largest returns with the smallest amount of hand labour. It will add to the health of the family, give pleasure, furnish fresher, better vegetables, and save a lot of money.

"The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John 3: 35 and 36. "Jesus answered and said unto her, (the Samaritan woman) 'whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him, a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4: 13, 14.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life.
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Miss Allingham has purchased the flower shop on John street from Mrs. Coates.

Mr. Harry W. Dean, a former Napanee boy who has been credit manager at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, has been appointed manager of the new La Salle Hotel, Kingston.

A Plucky Heroine Was BERRIE
She Could Shoot as Straight and Ride a Wild Horse as Well as Any Man. Then the 'Tenderfoot' Came

Read About Them In Hamlin Garland's Great Story "The Forester's Daughter"

MAN SO NERVOUS FEELS HIS STOMACH JUMP

"I got so nervous my stomach felt like it was jumping. Vinol entirely relieved the trouble. I feel better than in years."—J. C. Duke.

Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how QUICK the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

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THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS, TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WILLYS-KNIGHT WINDOW SHADES
Phone 67 Napanee

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.
The Great Digital Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Cures for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5 @ Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. Write for pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.
23-1-7

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

George Fawcett, famous character actor of the screen, is one of the several high-powered film artists who donned the army uniform to support Milton Sills in "HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY," the star's latest First National Pictures vehicle.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Bubbling with the vivacity of Viola Dana at her immitable best, "BRED IN OLD KENTUCKY," a splendidly entertaining film of the "sport of Kings."

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

One of the most gripping and enthralling pictures of the season is "THE BUGLE CALL," Jackie Coogan's new starring vehicle. It is an Edward Sedgwick production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Claire Windsor and Herbert Rawlinson heading an extremely capable cast.

Also a special comedy.

Coming, Jack F. Elder, premier Scotch entertainer, Feb. 8th and 9th.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

A Week of Bargains
—AT—
Selrite Stores

BIG OPENING DAY, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 4th

Come and share in the Special Values

Our New Location - *Formerly occupied by Knight's Drug Store*

A copy of our Circular will show you the Wonderful Values.

Conduct Your Affairs with Dignity

A STANDARD Bank savings account lends dignity to the transactions of the depositor. It identifies him with an organized institution that is known and respected in the community, and establishes a contact which is invaluable should he at any time desire counsel or advice on money matters. Open a Standard Bank savings account. It will help you to develop your financial resources as nothing else can, and enable you to conduct your personal financial affairs with dignity.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association 313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1914, by Hamlin Garland

Berea came into town riding a fine bay pony and leading a blaze faced buckskin behind her.

Her face shone cordially as she called out, "Well, how do you stack up this morning?"

"Tiptop," he answered, in an attempt to match her cheery greeting.

"Do you like our town better?"

"Not a bit! But the hills are magnificent."

"Anybody turned up from the mill?"

"No, I haven't heard a word from there. The telephone is still out of commission."

"They can't locate the break. Uncle Joe sent word by the stage driver asking us to keep an eye out for you and send you over. I've come to take you over myself."

"That's mighty good of you, but it's a good deal to ask."

"I want to see Uncle Joe on business, anyhow, and you'll like the ride better than the journey by stage."

Leaving the horses standing with their bridle reins hanging on the ground, she led the way to the office.

"When father comes in tell him where I've gone and send Mr. Norcross' packs by the first wagon."

"You'd better take my bay," said Berea. "Old Paintface there is little notional."

Norcross approached his mount with a caution which indicated that he had at least been instructed in range horse psychology, and as he gathered his reins together to mount, Berrie remarked:

"I hope you're saddle wise."

"I had a few lessons in a riding school," he replied modestly.

Young Downing approached the girl with a low voiced protest. "You oughtn't to ride old Paint. He nearly pitched the supervisor the other day."

"I'm not worried," she said and swung to her saddle.

The ugly beast made off in a tearing sidewise rush, but she smilingly called back, "All set." And Norcross followed her in high admiration.

Eventually she brought her broncho to subjection, and they trotted off together along the wagon road quite comfortably. By this time the youth had forgotten his depression, his homesickness of the morning. The valley was again enchanted ground.

After shacking along between some rather sorry fields of grain for a mile or two Berea swung into a side trail. "I want you to meet my mother," she said.

The grassy road led to a long, one story, half log, half slab house which stood on the bank of a small, swift, willow bordered stream.

"This is our ranch," she explained. "All the meadow in sight belongs to us."

The young easterner looked about in astonishment. Not a tree bigger than his thumb gave shade. The gate of the cattle corral stood but a few feet from the kitchen door, and rusty beer bones, bleaching skulls and scraps of sun dried hides littered the ground or hung upon the fence. Exteriorly the low cabin made a drab, depressing picture, but as he alighted, upon Berea's invitation, and entered the house he was met by a sweet faced, brown haired little woman, in a neat gown, whose bearing was not in the least awkward or embarrassed.

"This is Mr. Norcross, the tourist I told you about," explained Berrie.

Mrs. McFarlane extended her small hand with friendly impulse. "I'm very glad to meet you, sir. Are you going to spend some time at the mill?"

"I don't know. I have a letter to Mr. Meeker from a friend of mine who hunted with him last year—a Mr. Sutter."

"Mr. Sutter! Oh, we know him very well. Won't you sit down?"

The interior of the house was not only well kept, but presented many evidences of refinement. A mechanical piano stood against the log wall, and books and magazines, dog eared with use, littered the table, and Norcross, feeling the force of Nash's half expressed criticism of his "superior," listened intently to Mrs. McFarlane's apologies for the condition of the farm yard.

"Well," said Berea sharply, "if we're to reach Uncle Joe's for dinner we'd better be scratching the hills." And to her mother she added, "I'll pull in about dark."

The mother offered no objection to her daughter's plan, and the young people rode off together directly toward the high peaks to the east.

CHAPTER III.

A Forester's Secret.

THE trail, hardly more than a wood road, grew wilder and lonelier as they climbed. Cattle fed on the hillsides in scattered bands like elk. Here and there a small cabin stood on the bank of a stream, but for the most part the trail mounted the high slopes in perfect solitude.

The girl talked easily and leisurely, reading the brands of the ranchers, revealing the number of cattle they owned, quite as a young farmer would have done. She seemed not to be embarrassed in the slightest degree by the fact that she was guiding a strange man over a lonely road and gave no outward sign of special interest in him till she suddenly turned to ask, "What kind of a slicker—I mean a raincoat—did you bring?"

He looked blank. "I don't believe I brought any. I've a leather shooting jacket, however."

She shrugged her shoulders and looked up at the sky. "We're in for a storm. You'd ought to have a slicker, no fancy 'raincoat,' but a real old fashioned cow puncher's oilskin. They make a business of shedding rain."

She rode on for a few minutes in silence, as if disgusted with his folly, but she was really worrying about him. "Poor chap!" she said to herself. "He can't stand a chill. I ought to have thought of his slicker myself. He's helpless as a baby."

They were climbing fast now, winding upward along the bank of a stream, and the sky had grown suddenly gray, and the woodland path was dark and chill. The mountains were not less beautiful, but they were decidedly less amiable, and the youth shivered, casting an apprehensive eye at the thickening clouds.

Berea perceived something of his dismay and, drawing rein, dismounted. Behind her saddle was a tightly rolled bundle which, being untied and shaken out, proved to be a horseman's rain-proof oilskin coat. "Put this on!" she commanded.

"Oh, no," he protested. "I can't take your coat."

"Yes you can! You must! Don't you worry about me. I'm used to weather. Put this on over your jacket and all. You'll need it. Rain won't hurt me, but it will just about finish you."

The worst of this lay in its truth, and Norcross lost all his pride of sex for the moment. A wetting would not dim this girl's splendid color nor reduce her vitality one degree, while to him it might be a death warrant. "You could throw me over my own horse," he admitted in a kind of bitter admiration and slipped the coat on, shivering with cold as he did so.

"You think me a poor excuse for a trailer, don't you?" he said ruefully as the thunder began to roll.

"You've got to be all made over new," she replied tolerantly. "Stay here a year and you'll be able to stand anything."

Remounting, she again led the way with cheery cry. The rain came dashing down in fitful, misty streams, but she merely pulled the rim of her sombrero closer over her eyes and rode steadily on, while he followed, plunged in gloom as cold and gray as the storm.

"These mountain showers don't last long," the girl called back, her face shining like a rose. "We'll get the sun in a few minutes."

And so it turned out. In less than an hour they rode into the warm light again, and in spite of himself Norcross returned her smile, though he said: "I feel like a selfish fool. You are soaked."

"I never take cold," she returned. "I'm used to all kinds of weather. Don't you bother about me."

Topping a low divide, the youth caught a glimpse of the range to the southeast, which took his breath. "Isn't that superb?" he exclaimed. "It's like the shining roof of the world!"

"Yes, that's the Continental divide," she confirmed casually, but the lyrical note which he struck again reached her heart. The men she knew had so few words for the beautiful in life. She wondered whether this man's ill ness had given him this refinement or whether it was native to his kind.

"I'm glad he took my coat," was her thought.

She pushed on down the slope, riding hard, but it was nearly 2 o'clock when they drew up at Meeker's house, which was a long, low, stone structure built along the north side of the road. The place was distinguished not merely by its masonry, but also by its picket fence, which had once been whitewashed. Farm wagons of various degrees of decay stood by the gate, and all the barnyard plows and harrows—deeply buried by the weeds—were rusting forlornly away. A little farther up the stream the tall pipe of a sawmill rose above the firs.

A pack of dogs of all sizes and signs came clamoring to the fence, followed

"I don't feel right in leaving you here," she said at last.

by a big, slovenly dressed, red bearded man of sixty or thereabouts.

"Hello, Uncle Joe!" called the girl in offhand boyish fashion. "How are you today?"

"Howdy, girl," answered Meeker gravely. "What brings you up here this time?"

She laughed. "Here's a boarder who wants to learn how to raise cattle."

Meeker's face brightened. "I reckon you're Mr. Norcross? I'm glad to see ye. Light off and make yourself to home. Turn your horses into the corral. The boys will feed 'em."

Without ceremony Meeker led his guests directly into the dining room, a long and rather narrow room, where in a woman and six or seven roughly dressed young men were sitting at a rudely appointed table.

"Earth and seas!" exclaimed Mrs. Meeker. "Here's Berrie, and I'll bet that's Sutter's friend, our boarder."

"Hist along there, boys, and give the company a chance," she continued sharply. "Our dinner's turrible cold today."

The boys—they were in reality full grown cubs of eighteen or twenty—did as they were bid with much noise shuffling Berrie with loud humor.

Meeker read Sutter's letter, while Norcross had handed him mail, after deliberation, remarked: "All right, we'll do the best we can for you, Mr. Norcross, but we haven't any fancy accommodations."

"He don't expect any," replied Berrie. "What he needs is a little rough ing it."

"There's plenty of that to be had," said one of the herders, who sat below the salt. "'Tis the soft life I'm nadin'."

One of the lads, Frank Meeker, a dark, intense youth of about twenty, was Berea's full cousin. The others were merely hired hands, but they all eyed the new comer with disfavor. The fact that Berrie had brought him and that she seemed interested in him added to the effect of the smart riding suit which he wore. "I'd like to roll him in the creek," muttered one of them to his neighbor.

This dislike Berrie perceived in some degree, and to Frank she privately said: "Now, you fellows have got to treat Mr. Norcross right. He's been very sick."

Frank maliciously grinned. "Oh, we'll treat him right. We won't do a thing to him!"

"Now, Frank," she warned, "if you try any of your tricks on him you'll hear from me."

"Why all this worry on your part?" he asked keenly. "How long since you found him?"

The girl herself did not understand the vital and almost painful interest which this young man had roused in her. He was both child and poet to her, and as she watched him trying to make friends with the men, her indignation rose against their clownish offishness.

"I don't feel right in leaving you here," she said at last, "but I must be ridin'." And while Meeker ordered her horse brought out she walked to the gate with Norcross at her side.

"I'm tremendously obliged to you," he said, and his voice was vibrant. "You have been most kind. How can I repay you?"

"Oh, that's all right," she replied, in true western fashion. "I wanted to see the folks up here, anyhow. This is no jaunt at all for me." And, looking at her powerful figure and feeling the traplike grip of her clinch hand, he knew she spoke the truth.

And so she rode away, leaving her guard to adjust himself to his new and strange surroundings as best he could, and with her going the whole valley darkened for the convalescent.

It was soon apparent to the eastern observer that the entire male population for thirty miles around not only knew McFarlane's girl, but that every unmarried man and some who were both husbands and fathers—kept a deeply interested eye upon her daily motion, and certain shameless ones openly boasted among their fellows of their intention to win her favor, while the shy ones revelled in secret exultation over every chance meeting with her. She was the topic of every lumber camp and the shining lure of every dance to which the ranch hands often rode over long and lonely trails.

Part of this intense interest was due, naturally, to the scarcity of desirable women, but a larger part was called up by Berea's frank freedom of manner. Her ready camaraderie was taken for carelessness, and the candid grip of her hand was often misunderstood, and yet most of the men respected her, and some feared her. After her avowed choice of Clifford Belden they all kept aloof, for he was hot tempered and formidably swift to avenge an insult.

At the end of a week Norcross found himself restless and discontented with the Meekers. He was tired of fishing, tired of the old man's endless arguments and tired of the vulgar cowhands. The men around the mill did not interest him, and their Saturday night spree at the saloon disgusted him. The one person who piqued his curiosity was London, the ranger, who was stationed not far away and who could be seen occasionally riding by on a handsome black horse. There was something in his bearing, in his neat and serviceable drab uniform, which attracted the convalescent, and on Sunday morning he decided to venture a call, although Frank Meeker had said the ranger was a "grouch."

His cabin, a neat log structure, stood just above the road on a huge natural terrace of grassy hawbdens, and the flag which fluttered from a tall staff before it could be seen for several miles, the bright sign of federal control, the symbol of law and order, just as the saloon and the mill were signs of lawless vice and destructive greed. Around the door flowers bloomed and kittens played.

The cabin's interior pleased Wayland almost as much as the garden. It was built of pine logs neatly matched and hewed on one side.

The ranger, spurred and belted, with his cuffs turned back, was pounding the typewriter when Wayland appeared at the open door, but he rose with grave courtesy. "Come in," he said, and his voice had a pleasant inflection. "I'm interrupting."

"Nothing serious; just a letter. There's no hurry. I'm always glad of an excuse to get away from this job." He was at once keenly interested in his visitor, for he perceived in him the gentleman and, of course, the alien.

Wayland, with something of the feeling of a civilian reporting to an officer, explained his presence in the neighborhood.

"I've heard of you," responded the ranger, "and I've been hoping you'd look in on me. The supervisor's daughter has just written me to look after you. She said you were not very well."

(Continued on page 6)

A FEBRUARY THAW

On Prices in Our Store!

During 3 Big Days

THURSDAY - FRIDAY - SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 2 - 3 - 4

GOOD HOSE SUPPORTERS FOR THE CHILDREN

First Quality at About Half Price

GB484—Reliable pin-on, Side Supporters in either White or Black. ¾ inch good quality Elastic Tops. Non-elastic Tab Ends with heavy rubber Posts and Nickle Trimmings made with adjustable slide. Comes in sizes for Babies, Children and Misses. Good value at 25c. For this sale only, DURING 3 BIG DAYS.... **14C.** per pair.....

Or **2 pairs for.....25c.**

BOYS' TWEED BLOOMERS

You Can Save on These

FB489—The assortment contains a large variety of patterns and colorings.

Made of good quality Tweeds, in Brown, Greys, etc. All with patent Governor fasteners. Fully lined throughout, and well made with both loops and buttons. To fit boys from 6 to 15 years. Regular $1.75 to $2.25 values. DURING 3 BIG DAYS, **$1.19** per pair.....

Well Made and Fully Lined

SPECIAL VALUE FOR YOU IN WOMEN'S WINTER WEIGHT VESTS

A Real Surprise Awaits You at Our Underwear Counter—Be Here Early.

MB482—The assortment comprises medium and heavy weight Cream colored Vests, Short Sleeves, Long Sleeves, and No Sleeves, with High, Low and V Shaped Necks. Sizes 36 to 44 in the assortment. (Our share of an important wholesale clearing lot.) Vests in these superior qualities usually sell at from 70c. to $1.25. You can rely on these Vests being all perfect goods..... DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each..... **57C.**

WOMEN'S VESTS IN MANY POPULAR STYLES—ALL PERFECT GOODS—AND THINK OF THE PRICE!

CHILD'S BLOOMERS

An Unheard of Price on a Reliable Quality

MB483—This Bloomer is made of good firm quality Flannelette in Pink and Blue Stripings with Elastic at Knees and Waist, and in sizes from 2 to 12 years. Cut good and full. Good value if offered at 30c. At this price secure them early. DURING 3 BIG DAYS. per pair..... **15C.**

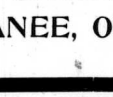
"Asahi" Rag Mats at a Very Low Price

Here's Your Opportunity to Buy These Dependable Rag Mats at a Saving Price

AB476 — This splendid Rag Rug measures 24x48 inches with Knotted Fringe on ends. Made from good quality clean rags in a large assortment of colors in Hit and Miss Patterns. A regular 70c. quality. DURING THREE BIG DAYS..... **49C.** each.....

Attractive Value, China Cups and Saucers

The Saving on these is Just One-Half



KB490—Imported China full size Cup and Saucer for everyday use, daintily decorated with Floral designs and fine Gold Stripes. Two patterns from which to choose. Good value 25c. each. Sold only in sets of six Cups and Saucers, carefully packed in straw. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, ½ doz. Cups and Saucers (12 pieces)..... **75C.**

MacGREGOR'S STORE

NAPANEE, ONT.

Pay Cash and Buy for Less. Always Glad to Serve You.

VOICES FOR THE DUMB

An "Artificial Larynx" Is the Latest Triumph of Surgical Science—Three Men Can Now Speak.

Three men who were once voiceless have just taken part in a musical evening in London, joining in part-songs. One of them sang a solo, says Tit-Bits.

An "artificial larynx" is the latest triumph of surgical science. The device restores the power of speech to a person who has, through an operation, lost his larynx and the ability to talk. The man-made "voice" is a compact instrument, small enough to be carried in a coat pocket.

Persons now without vocal cords, who have successfully undergone the operation for cancer of the larynx, breathe through openings in their necks, to which their windpipes have been surgically attached. All of these could talk again by means of the artificial larynx, which is easy to master.

The device when worn somewhat resembles an underslung pipe, and is not conspicuous. A person who has lost the larynx and had the trachea terminated externally in an opening at the base of the neck uses the instrument as a "voice."

It replaces the larynx in that the user breathes through it, thereby originated sound, which is projected into the mouth to be transformed into speech. Users of the artificial voice will, when conversation is desired, remove the instrument from a pocket, put the stem in the mouth, and insert the tube in the opening of the rubber pad. After a little practice the speech will be distinctly heard and easily understood.

This instrument consists essentially of a rubber membrane which is stretched across the inside of a hard-rubber sound-box, a pitch-regulating device which varies the tension of the rubber membrane and is externally adjusted by means of a thumb nut, a mouthpiece which fits in the metal stem in the top of the sound-box, and a flexible connection, which is strapped over the trachea opening.

When this apparatus is being used for speaking, the air is inhaled through the hole in the side of the sound-box. The air, when exhaled tends to pass out the way it entered, but if the hole in the side of the sound-box is closed by the finger or thumb it is forced out around the rubber membrane. This causes the membrane to vibrate and produce the sound, which passes out through the mouthpiece to be converted into speech.

When talking, the user inhales between phrases and sentences by lifting the finger or thumb from the hole, and exhales with the finger or thumb over the hole, which forces the air to pass around the rubber membrane, causing it to produce a tone. When it is desired to exhale without producing a tone, the hole is left open.

The user must speak, breathing and moving the tongue, lips, and so forth, as before the loss of the real larynx. As practice in the beginning he is told to count slowly and repeat the alphabet, having someone to listen and tell whether the enunciation is clear.

When the first strangeness has worn off, the clarity of the speech will improve rapidly.

The Age of a Horse.

Horses are naturally much longer lived than is generally supposed, for as a rule a horse's legs go from unnatural work on hard roads and it is destroyed long before it has reached its natural span of life. It was announced recently that a pony had lived to the amazing age of fifty-three years.

Always the Same.

Ceremonies may differ but politeness is ever the same.

The Forester's Daughter

(Continued from page 5)

Again Wayland protested that he was not a consumptive, only a student who needed mountain air, but he added, "It is very kind of Miss McFarlane to think of me."

"Oh, she thinks of everybody!" the young fellow declared. "She's one of the most unselfish creatures in the world."

Something in the music of this speech, and something in the look of the singer's eyes, caused Wayland to wonder if here were not still another of Berrie's subjects. He became certain of it as the young officer went on, with pleasing frankness, and it was not long before he had conveyed to Wayland his cause for sadness. "She's engaged to a man that is not her equal. In a certain sense no man is her equal, but Belden is a pretty hard type, and I believe, although I can't prove it, that he is part owner of the saloon over there."

"How does that saloon happen to be here?"

"It's on patented land—& so called 'placer claim'—experts have reported against it. McFarlane has protested against it, but nothing is done. The mill is also on deeded land, and together they are a plague spot. I'm their enemy, and they know it, and they've threatened to burn me out. Of course they won't do that, but they're ready to play any kind of trick on me."

"I can well believe that, for I am getting my share of practical jokes at Meeker's."

"They're not a bad lot over there—only just rowdy. I suppose they're initiating you," said Landon.

"I didn't come out here to be a cowboy," responded Norcross, "but Frank Meeker seems to be anxious to show me all the good old cowpuncher stuff. On Monday he slipped a burr under my horse's saddle, and I came near to having my neck broken. Then he or some one else concealed a frog in my bed and fouled my hair brushes. In fact, I go to sleep each night in expectation of some new attack, but the air and the riding are doing me a great deal of good, and so I stay."

Thereafter Wayland spent nearly every day with the ranger, either in his cabin or riding the trail, and during these hours confidence grew until at last Landon confessed that his unrest arose from his rejection from Berrie.

"She was not to blame. She's so kind and free with every one I thought I had a chance. I was conceited enough to feel sorry for the other fellows, and now I can't even feel sorry for myself. I'm just dazed and hanging to my ropes. She was mighty gentle about it. You know how sunny her face is. Well, she just got grave and kind o' faint voiced and said— Oh, you know what she said! She let me know there was another man. I didn't ask her who, and when I found out I lost my grip entirely. At first I though I'd resign and get out of the country, but I couldn't do it. I can't yet. The chance of seeing her—or hearing her once in a while—she never writes except on business for her father, but—you'll laugh—I can't see her signature without a tremor." He smiled, but his eyes were desperately sad. "Oh, I'm crazy! I admit it. I didn't know such a thing could happen to me, but it has."

As Wayland listened to this outpouring he wondered at the intensity of the forester's passion. He marveled, too, at Berrie's choice, for there was something fine and high in Landon's worship. A college man with a mining engineer's training, he should go high in the service. "He made the mistake of being too passionate as a lover," concluded Wayland. "His forthright courtship repelled her."

CHAPTER IV.

A Warning.

MEANWHILE his own troubles increased. Frank's dislike had grown to an impish vindictiveness, and if the old man Meeker had any knowledge of his son's devitries he gave no sign.

"I don't know why I stay," Wayland wrote to Berea. "I'm disgusted with the men up here—they're all tiresome except Landon—but I hate to slink away, and, besides, the country is glorious. I'd like to come down and see you this week. May I do so? Please send word that I may."

She did not reply, and, wondering whether she had received his letter or not, he mounted his horse one beautiful morning and rode away up the trail with a sense of elation, of eager joy, with intent to call upon her at the ranch as he went by.

Hardly had he vanished among the pines when Clifford Belden rode in from his ranch on Hat creek and called at Meeker's for his mail.

Frank Meeker was in the office, and as he both feared and disliked this big contemptuous young cattleman he set to work to make him jealous.

"You want to watch this one long boarder of ours," he warned, with a grin. "He's been writing to Berrie, and he's just gone down to see her. His highfalutin ways and his fine white hands have put her on the slant."

"I'm not worrying," retorted Belden. "You'd better be. I was down there the other day, and it pleased like she couldn't talk of anything else but Mr. Norcross, Mr. Norcross, till I was sick of his name."

An hour later Belden left the mill and set off up the trail behind Norcross, his face fallen into stern lines. Frank writhed in delight. "There goes Cliff, hot under the collar, chasing Norcross. If he finds out that Berrie is interested in him he'll just about wring that dude's neck."

Meanwhile Wayland was riding through the pass with lightening heart, his thought dwelling on the girl at the end of his journey.

As he reached the McFarlane ranch it seemed deserted of men, but a faint column of smoke rising from the roof of the kitchen gave evidence of a cook, and at his knock Berrie came to the door with a boyish word of frank surprise and pleasure. She was dressed in a blue and white calico gown, with the collar turned in and the sleeves rolled up, but she seemed quite unembarrassed, and her pleasure in his coming quite repaid him for his long and tiresome ride.

"I've been wondering about you," she said. "I'm mighty glad to see you. How do you stand it?"

"You got my letter?"

"I did, and I was going to write and tell you to come down, but I've had some special work to do at the office."

She took the horse's rein from him, and together they started toward the stables.

This action of stabling the horses, a perfectly innocent and natural one for her, led one of the hands, a coarse minded sneak, to watch them from a corral. "I wonder how Cliff would like that?" he craftily remarked.

Berea was frankly pleased to see Wayland and spoke of the improvement which had taken place in him. "You're looking fine," she said as they were returning to the house. "But how do you get on with the boys?"

"Not very well," he admitted. "They seem to have it in for me. It's a constant fight."

Her face grew grave. "I reckon you got started wrong," she said at last. "They'll like you better when you get browned up and your clothes get dirty. You're a little too fancy for them just now."

"I don't believe I want any more of their company. What's the use? As you say, I've started wrong with them, and I don't see any prospect of getting right; and, besides, I like the rangers better. Landon thinks I might work into the service. I wonder if I could? It would give me something to do."

She considered a moment. "We'll think about that. Come into the kitchen. I'm cook today. Mother's gone to town."

The kitchen was clean and ample, and the delicious odor of new made bread filled it with cheer. As the girl resumed her apron Wayland settled into a chair with a sigh of content. "I like this," he said aloud. "There's nothing cowgirl about you now; you're the Anglo-Saxon housewife. You might be a Michigan or Connecticut girl at this moment."

Her cheeks were ruddy with the heat and her eyes intent on her work, but she caught enough of his meaning to be pleased with it. "Oh, I have to take a hand at the pots and pans now and then. I can't give all my time to the service, but I'd like to."

He boldly announced his errand. "I wish you'd take me to board. I'm sure your cooking would build up my shattered system a good deal quicker than your ma's."

She laughed, but shook her head. "You ought to be on the hills riding hard every day. What you need is the high country and the air of the pines."

She had read that victims of the white plague always talk in this cheerful way about themselves, and she worked on without replying.

"If I were here in the valley—you and I could ride together now and then, and you could show me all the trails. Why not let me come here and board? I'm going to ask your mother if I may not do so."

"Of course you can come here," she said when she saw he was in earnest. "Mother will be glad to have you, although our ranch isn't a bit pretty. Perhaps father will send you out with one of the rangers as a fireguard. I'll ask him tonight."

"I wish you would. I like these foresters—what I've seen of them. I wouldn't mind serving under a man like Landon. He's fine."

Upon this pleasant conference Cliff Belden unexpectedly burst. Pushing the door open with a slam, he confronted Berrie with dark and angry face.

"Why, Cliff, where did you come from?" she asked, rising in some confusion. "I didn't hear you ride up."

"Apparently not," he sneeringly answered. "I reckon you were too much occupied."

She tried to laugh away his black mood. "That's right, I was. I'm chief cook today. Come in and sit down. Mother's gone to town, and I'm playing her part," she explained, ignoring his sullen displeasure. "Cliff, this is Mr. Norcross, who is visiting Uncle Joe. Mr. Norcross, shake hands with Mr. Belden." She made this introduction with some awkwardness, for her lover's failure to even say "Howdy" informed her that his jealous heart was aflame, and she went on quickly, "Mr. Norcross dropped in on his way to the postoffice, and I'm collecting a snack for him."

Recognizing Belden's claims upon the girl, Wayland rose. "I must be going. It's a long ride over the hill."

"Come again soon," urged Berrie. "Father wants to see you."

"Thank you. I will look in very shortly," he replied as he went out with such dignity as he could command, feeling, however, very much like a dog that has been kicked over the threshold.

Closing the door behind him, Belden turned upon the girl. "What's that consumptive 'dogie' doing here? He 'peared to be very much at home with you—too dern much at home."

She was surprised at his displeasure, but not for words like these. She answered quietly: "He just dropped in on his way to town, and he's not a dogie!" She resented his tone as well as his words.

"I've heard about you taking him over to Meeker's and lending him your only slicker," he went on, "but I didn't expect to find him sittin' here like he owned you and the place. You're taking altogether too much pains with him. Can't he put his own horse out? Do you have to go to the stable with him? You never did have any sense about your reputation with men. You've all along been too free of your reputation, and now I'm going to take care of it for you. I won't have you unrain this runt any longer!"

She perceived now the full measure of his base rage, and her face grew pale and set. "You're making a perfect fool of yourself, Cliff," she said, with portentous calmness.

"Am I?" he asked.

"You sure are, and you'll see it yourself by and by. You've no call to get wire edged about Mr. Norcross. He's her very strong. He's just getting well of a long sickness. A little chill would finish him, that's why I gave him my slicker. It didn't hurt me, and maybe it saved his life. I'd do it again if necessary."

"Since when did you start a hospital for eastern tenderfeet?" he sneered. "And this same hospital to go all downright command. "You want to cut this all out, I tell you! I won't have any more of it! The boys up at the mill are all talkin' about your interest in this little wiseguy, and I'm getting the branding iron from every one I meet. Sam saw you go into the barn with that dude, and that would have been all over the country tomorrow, if I hadn't told him I'd knock his mouth up if he said a word about it. Of course I don't think you mean anything by this cod-dlin'."

"Oh, thank you," she interrupted, with flaming quick, indignant fury. "That's mighty nice of you. I don't know Sam was here."

He sneered: "No, I bet you didn't."

She fired at this. "Come now! Something nasty is in your mind. Go on! What have I done? What makes you so hot?"

He began to weaken. "I don't accuse you of anything. I—but I"—

"Yes, you do—in your heart you distrust me—you just as much as said so!"

He was losing his high air of command. "Never mind what I said, Berrie. I"—

She was blazing now. "But I do mind—I mind a whole lot—I didn't think it of you," she added as she recalled his sweet cheapness, his courseness. "I didn't suppose you would even think such things of me. I don't like it," she repeated, and her tone hardened, "and I guess you'd better pull out of here—for awhile, at least, if you've no more faith in me than that I want you to go and never come back."

"You don't mean that!"

"Yes, I do! You've shown this yellow streak before, and I'm through of it. This is the limit. I'm done with you."

She stood between tears and benumbing anger now, and he was scared. "Don't say that, Berrie!" he pleaded, trying to put his arm around her.

"Keep away from me!" She dashed his hands aside. "I hate you. I never want to see you again!" She ran into her own room and slammed the door behind her.

Belden stood for a long time with his back against the wall, the heat of his resentment utterly gone, an empty, aching place in his heart. He called her twice, but she made no answer, and so at last he mounted his horse and rode away.

Young Norcross, much as he admired Berrie, was not seeking to exchange her favor for her lover's enmity, and he rode away with an uneasy feeling of having innocently made trouble for himself as well as for a fine, true hearted girl.

"What a good friendly talk we were having," he said regretfully. "And to think she is to marry that big, scowling brute! How could she turn Landon down for a savage like that?"

He was just leaving the outer gate when Belden came clattering up and reined his horse across the path and called out: "See here, you young skunk! You're a poor, white livered tenderfoot, and I can't bust you as I would a full grown man, but I reckon you better not ride this trail any more."

"Why not?" inquired Wayland.

Belden glared. "Because I tell you so. Your sympathy hunting game has just about run into the ground. You've worked this baby dodge about long enough. You're not so almighty sick as you put up to be, and you'd better hunt some other cure for lonesomeness or I'll just about cure your chest in."

All this was shockingly plain talk for a slender young scholar to listen to, but Norcross remained calm. "I think you're unnecessarily excited," he remarked. "I have no desire to make trouble. I'm considering Miss Berea, who is too fine to be worried by us."

His tone was conciliating, and the cowman, in spite of himself, responded to it. "That's why I advise you to go. She was all right till you came. Colorado's a big place, and there are plenty other fine ranges for men of your complaint. Why not try Routt county? This is certain, you can't stay in the same valley with my girl I serve notice of that."

"You're making a prodigious ass of yourself," observed Wayland, with calm contempt.

"You think so, do you? Well, I'll make a jack rabbit out of you if I find you on this ranch again. You've worked on my girl in some way till she's just about quit me. I don't see how you did it, you measly little pup, but you surely have turned her against me!" His rage burst into flame as he thought of her last words. "If you were so much as half a man I'd break you in two pieces right now, but you're not. You're nothing but a dead on the hoof lunger, and there's nothing to do but run you out. So take this as your final notice. You straddle a horse and head east and keep a-ridin', and if I catch you with my girl again I'll deal you a whole hatful of misery. Now, that's right!"

Thereupon, with a final glance of hate in his face, he whirled his horse and galloped away, leaving Norcross dumb with resentment, intermingled with wonder.

"Truly the west is a dramatic country! Here I am involved in a lover's wrath and under sentence of banishment all within a month! Well, I suppose there's nothing to do but carry out Belden's orders. He's the boss," he said as he rode on. "I wonder just what happened after I left? Something stormy evidently. She must have given him a sharp rebuff or he wouldn't have been so furious with [illegible] Perhaps she even broke her [illegible] with him. I sincerely hope [illegible]

And so from point to point he progressed till, with fine indignation, he reached a resolution to stay and meet whatever came. "I certainly would be a timorous animal if I let myself be scared into flight by that big bone head," he said at last.

Nevertheless he felt very weak and very much depressed as he rode up the street of the little town and dismounted at the forest service building.

CHAPTER V.

The Supervisor of the Forest.

NASH, who was alone in the government office, looked up from his work. "Come in," he called heartily. "Come in and report."

"Thank you. I'd like to do so. And may I use your desk? I have a letter to write."

"Make yourself at home. Take any desk you like. The men are all out on duty."

"You're very kind," replied Wayland, gratefully. There was something reassuring in this greeting and in the many signs of skill and scientific reading which the place displayed. It was like a bit of Washington in the midst of a careless, slovenly, lawless mountain town, and Norcross took his seat and wrote his letter with a sense of proprietorship.

"I'm getting up an enthusiasm for the service just from hearing Alec Belden rave against it," he said a few minutes later, as he looked up from his letter.

Nash grinned. "How did you like Meeker?"

"He's a good man; but he has his peculiarities. Belden is your real enemy. He is blue with malignity—so are most of the cowmen I met up there. I think I could do something for the service. I'm a thoroughly up to date analytical chemist and a passable mining engineer, and my doctor says that for a year at least I must work in the open air. Is there anything in this forest service for a weakling like me?"

Nash considered. "I think we can employ you, but you'll have to go on as fire guard or something like that for the first year. You see, the work is getting to be more and more technical each year. As a matter of fact"—here he lowered his voice a little—"McFarlane is one of the old guard and will have to give way. He don't know a thing about forestry and is too old to learn. His girl knows more about it than he does. She helps him out on office work too."

Wayland wondered a little at the freedom of expression on the part of Nash, but said, "If he runs his office as he runs his ranch he surely is condemned to go."

"Well, you get Berrie to take up your case and you're all right. She has the say about who goes on the force in this forest."

It was late in the afternoon before Wayland started back to Meeker's with intent to repack his belongings and leave the ranch for good. He had decided not to call at McFarlane's, a decision which came not so much from fear of Clifford Belden as from a desire to shield Berea from further trouble, but as he was passing the gate the girl rose from behind a clump of willows and called to him: "Oh, Mr. Norcross! Wait a moment!"

He drew rein and, sliding from his horse, approached her. "What is it, Miss Berrie?" he asked, with wondering politeness.

She confronted him with gravity. "It's too late for you to cross the ridge. If you do you will be caught in the storm. Don't you see how dark it is?"

He looked at him steadily. "Why?"

"Because you've been very kind to me, and I wouldn't for the world do anything to cause you embarrassment."

"Don't you mind about me," she responded bluntly. "What happened this morning wasn't your fault nor mine. Come; father will be looking for you."

He felt assured that he was inviting both the girl and himself in still darker storms, the young fellow yielded to her command, and together they walked along the weed bordered path, while she continued:

"Then, for the first time Cliff has started in to discipline me, but it's obliged to be the last. He's the kind that think they own a girl just as soon as they get her to wear an engagement ring. But Cliff don't own me, I told him I never dare anything more tollsome than to lift a bridle rein or to clutch the handle of a gun. He was the horseman in all his training, and, though he owned hundreds of acres of land, he had never so much as held a plow or piled a spade. His manner was that of the cow boss, the lord of great herds, the claimant of empires of government grass land. Poor as his house looked, he was in reality rich. Narrow minded in respect to his own interests, he was well in advance of his neighbors on matters relating to the general welfare, a curious mixture of greed and generosity, as most men are, and, though he had been made supervisor at a time when political pull still crippled the service, he was loyal to the flag. "I'm mighty glad to see you," he heartily began. "We don't often get a man from the sea level, and when we do we squeeze him dry."

His voice, low, languid and soft, was most insinuating, and for hours he kept his guest talking of the east and his industries and predilections, and Berrie and her mother listened with deep admiration, for the youngster had seen a good deal of the old world and was unusually well read on historical lines of inquiry. He talked well, too, inspired by his attentive audience.

Berrie's eyes, wide and eager, were fixed upon him unwaveringly. He felt her wonder, her admiration, and was inspired to do his best. Something in her absorbed attention led him to speak of things so personal that he wondered at himself for uttering them.

"I've been dilettante all my life," was one of his confessions. "I've traveled; I've studied in a tepid sort of fashion; I went through college without any idea of doing anything with what I got; I had a sort of pride in keeping up with my fellows, and I had no idea of preparing for any work in the world. Then came my breakdown and my doctor ordered me out here. I came intending to fish and loaf around, but I can't do that. I've got to do something or go back home."

At last Mrs. McFarlane rose and Berea, reluctantly, like a child loath to miss a fairy story, held out her hand to say good night, and the young man saw on her face that look of adoration which marks the birth of sudden love, but his voice was frank and his glance kindly as he said:

"Here I've done all the talking when I wanted you to tell me all sorts of things."

"I can't tell you anything."

"Oh, yes, you can; and, besides, I want you to intercede for me with your father and get me into the service. But we'll talk about that tomorrow. Good night."

After the women left the room Norcross said:

"I really am in earnest about entering the forest service. Landon filled me with enthusiasm about it. Never mind the pay. I'm not in immediate need of money, but I do need an interest in life."

McFarlane stared at him with kindly perplexity. "I don't know exactly what you can do, but I'll work you in somehow. You ought to work under a man like Bertie, one that could put you through a training in the rudiments of the game. I'll see what can be done."

"Thank you for that half promise," said Wayland, and he went to his bed happier than at any moment since leaving home.

Young Norcross soon became vitally engaged with the problems which confronted McFarlane, and his possible enrollment as a guard filled him with a sense of proprietorship in the forest, which made him quite content with Bear Tooth. He set to work at once to acquire a better knowledge of the extent and boundaries of the reservation. It was, indeed, a noble possession. Containing nearly sixteen acres of woodland and reaching to the summits of the snow lined peaks to the east, south and west, it appealed to him with silent majesty. It drew upon his patriotism. Remembering how the timber of his own state had been slashed and burned, he began to feel a sense of personal responsibility.

He bought a horse of his own, although Berrie insisted upon his retaining Pete, and sent for a saddle of the army type, and from sheer desire to keep entirely clear of the cowboy equipment procured puttees like those worn by cavalry officers, and when he presented himself completely uniformed, he looked not unlike a slender young lieutenant of the cavalry on field duty, and in Berrie's eyes was wondrous alluring.

He took quarters at the hotel, but spent a larger part of each day in Berrie's company, a fact which was duly reported to Clifford Belden. Hardly a day passed without his taking at least one meal at the supervisor's home

As he met the rangers one by one he perceived by their outfits, as well as by their speech, that they were sharply divided upon old times and new. The experts, the men of college training, were quite ready to be known as Uncle Sam's men. They held a pride in their duties, a respect for their superiors, and an understanding of the governmental policy which gave them dignity and a quiet authority. They were less policemen than trusted agents of a federal department. Nevertheless, there was much to admire in the older men, who possessed a self reliance, a knowledge of nature and a certain rough grace which made them interesting companions and rendered them effective teachers of camping and trailing, and while they were secretly a little contemptuous of the "schoolboys," they were all quite ready to ask for expert aid when knotty problems arose. It was no longer a question of grazing. It was a question of lumbering and reforestration.

Nash, who took an almost brotherly interest in his apprentice, warningly said: "You want to go well clothed and well shod. You'll have to meet all kinds of weather. Every man in the service—I don't care what his technical job is—should be schooled in taking care of himself in the forest and on the trail. I often meet surveyors and civil engineers, experts, who are helpless as children in camp, and when I want them to go into the hills and do field work they are almost useless. The old style ranger has his virtues. Settie is just the kind of instructor you young fellows need."

To be Continued.

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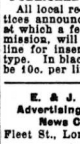

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

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Science Has Found a Wa

It was only a short time ago that science found a way of putting long distance telephone lines in cables. Already the first big job of erecting telephone cable (106 miles from Toronto to Buffalo) is nearing completion. Eighteen miles of this cable are underground, and the latest type of motor-driven trench-digging machines complete about 1,500 feet of trench per day. The job will cost over $1,500,000. but cables resist sleet storms so much better than open wire that in the long run a substantial saving will be effected, with a more assured service.

Canadian Roses for Paris Ladies

Upper Left:—Type of airplane that conveyed the flowers to France. Upper Right:—Specimen of the roses from the Dale Estate, Brampton, Ontario. Lower:—Canadian Pacific liner Montcalm on which the roses left Saint John for England.

A gesture of courtesy that used as its means of expression the fragile flowers of the heart of summer conveyed by railway, steamship and airplane, more than thousand miles of land and sea, in the depth of winter, to two ladies in France, was chronicled in the information given out by the Canadian Pacific Express Company.

The flowers were two boxes of roses, grown in the huge greenhouses of the Dale Estate, Brampton, Ontario, and sent by Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Maclean, president of the Maclean Publishing Company, of Toronto, to Princess Carolyn de Faucigny-Lucinge, who was a patient in the American Hospital in Paris, and to the Countess Odon de Labersac. They were sent as a Christmas present to those ladies, but the weather intervened, and they did not reach their destination until some three days' later. When they did reach their objectives, however, it was found that they were as fragrant and fresh as if they had been plucked a few minutes earlier from their bushes.

The Canadian Pacific Express Company was responsible for the handling of the roses from Brampton via Saint John and overseas on board the SS. "Montcalm" to Liverpool. They arrived at the latter city December 23, and were then shipped to the Croydon airdrome, to be carried by airship to Paris. Their despatch from this country had been timed to the minute to decorate the ladies' breakfast tables on Christmas morning in Paris.

But the storm that struck Great Britain around the Christmas season had a say in the matter. The airdrome was snowed under, and it was found impossible to send out an airship. The roses were held up and did not finally reach Paris until December 28, when they were delivered promptly. The disappointment was more to the sender and the express company who had strained every resource to get the flowers to their destination on time and who were only defeated by weather that was unprecedented in Great Britain, and that could not be foreseen and guarded against. What the recipients' reactions to the gifts were, are not chronicled, but it is fairly sure that they were delighted with these Canadian flowers from a Canadian gentleman, and impressed by the tour de force of their despatch, which disproved the words of their great national poet, who mourns in one of his best-known poems that the rose "endures but the space of a morning."

HAUNTED ROOM

The Mysterious Light That Georgt Cary Eggleston Defied.

There was and perhaps still is a room in a certain house in Virginia which was supposed to be haunted. Every time a person slept there he would be sure to wake after awhile to find the whole room pervaded by a dim yellowish gray or grayish yellow light. It was very dim at first, but it increased steadily till the occupant of the chamber fled from the nameless terror in panic. Mr. George Cary Eggleston was not to be daunted by these tales and accordingly decided to try a night there. In "Recollections of a Varied Life" he tells what happened:

It was about midnight when I entered the room. It was raining heavily, and the wind was rattling the stout shutters of the eight great windows of the room.

I went to each of those windows and minutely examined it. They were hung with heavy curtains of deep red.

Having completed my examination, I explored the closets and bolted the door, I went to bed. The great four poster was inexpressibly comfortable, and the splash and patter of the rain as it beat upon the window blinds was as soothing as a lullaby. I forgot all about the experiment in which I was engaged, all about ghosts and their ways, and went to sleep.

After a time I suddenly waked to find the room dimly pervaded by that yellowish gray or grayish yellow light which had so disturbed the slumbers of others in that chamber. My awakening was so complete that all my faculties were alert at once. I felt under my pillow and found the pistol still where I had placed it.

Instead of springing hastily from bed, I lay there for a time, watching the weird light as it slowly, almost imperceptibly, increased in intensity. I decided that the gray distinctly predominated, but in the meantime the steady increase in the light and its pervasiveness warned me, and I slipped out of bed.

The rain was still beating heavily against the window blinds, and the strange yellowish gray light was still slowly but steadily increasing. I was resolute, however, in my determination not to be disturbed or hurried by any manifestation. In response to that determination I glanced at the mirror and decided that the mysterious light was sufficient for the purpose, and I resolved I would shave.

Having done so, I bathed in the rapidly increasing light. I was deliberate, however, in donning my clothing, and not till I was fully dressed did I turn to leave the room.

I turned the key. A second later I was out of that chamber, and the oaken door of it was securely shut behind me. I went down the great stairway, slowly, deliberately, in pursuance of my resolution. I entered the large hallway below and thence passed to the oak wainscoted dining room, where I sat down to breakfast with the rest of the company.

It was 9 o'clock of a dark, rainy morning. The grayish yellow light was daylight.

SUBMARINE LIFE-CABINS.

Escape for Men Imprisoned In Unders Sea Boats.

The terrible loss of life in submarine disasters has brought home to designers the necessity of providing some avenue of escape for men imprisoned in undersea boats.

Many schemes have been suggested, including a detachable cabin that floats to the surface with the crew. But all have proved useless, either swamping the submarine by their weight or failing to release at the critical moment.

Now an Italian inventor, Monetti Nanni, has devised an undersea life boat to be attached and released in an entirely different way. To overcome the defects common to most submarine lifeboats, Nanni has devised vacuum cup fasteners which he claims will assure speedy release of a barrel-shaped lifeboat that carries a crew to safety.

He employs a principle centuries old. In 1654, Otto Von Guericke, an experimental philosopher of Magdeburg, Germany, demonstrated the power of a vacuum. He fitted together two copper hemispheres, then with a pump sucked out the air between them. The shells could not be pulled apart even though thirty horses were employed. But when a valve that let in air was opened the shells separated of their own accord.

Nanni employs this method as a means of "bolting" an unsinkable life-cabin to the shell of a submarine. A pair of close-fitting, smooth-faced domes or caps are attached, one to the submarine and one to the life-cabin. Between them a vacuum is produced by a suction pump in the submarine. Under the tremendous pressure of sea and air the cabin is fastend securely. Yet a turn of a valve that lets the sea into the vacuum frees the two parts instantly and releases the cabin.

To Boom Indian Cotton.

In order to explore the possibility of the development of the export trade in cotton yarn and textiles, the Government of India, on the recommendation of the Tariff Board, have decided to send a trade mission to a number of markets outside India. The Tariff Board had pointed out that to compensate them for the loss of the China trade in yarn, the development of the export trade was of vital importance to the Bombay mill industry. The difficulty was accentuated by the fact that Bombay did not find much outlet in the internal market for its products owing to the increasing competition of mills in other parts of India.

The Government of India are therefore sending a small trade mission to make a rapid survey of a number of countries, to report on the potentialities of their markets for Indian goods and to make recommendations.

PROVIDING BRIDES

Church May Soon Be Running Matrimonial Agency In Connection With Immigration.

Most people are apt to look on matrimonial agencies with suspicion, and that suspicion that the church may soon be running one in connection with emigration is likely to cause comment, writes Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, Organizing Director of the Church of England Council of Empire Settlement, in Answers.

Yet there is nothing extraordinary about the idea. Two and a half years ago the church began to take an active part in emigration, and offered assistance to young men and boys who were anxious to secure work on the land in our Dominions. As a result, some 900 lads have been sent over each year.

Many young women have also gone abroad under the auspices of the church, but the number of them is not nearly so great, and a shortage will undoubtedly be felt unless something is done soon. The number of women born in the Dominions does not exceed the number of men, as in the Old Country.

I recently drew the attention of the Church of England Council of Empire Settlement to the situation, and suggested that it would probably be necessary ere long to establish a matrimonial agency to provide wives for settlers who were doing well in the lands of their adoption, but who were obsessed with loneliness, and realized that it takes a woman to make a home.

The very next day I received from the Church of England committee in Western Australia a photograph of a young ex-officer living in Australia, asking the council to find him a wife. He had also advertised for a wife in a leading Scottish paper, and had given the address of the council as a place for replies—quite without our authority! The next morning my offices were inundated with letters from girls in every part of the country who were willing to accept his open proposal, and now there is every prospect that the young man's wish will be fulfilled.

The incident went to show that there was a distinct need for an agency which would deal with the hundreds of similar cases which must exist. All the girls who replied to the advertisement said that they were crowded out in Britain, and would welcome a chance to live in a country where opportunities were more plentiful.

The Church of England Council of Empire Settlement is now prepared to organize a "matrimonial agency" in a dignified way, as the demand for wives increases. A capable woman would be in charge of it, and, by requesting applicants to answer various questions about themselves, and seeking testimonials from people who knew them, she would try to select couples who would be suited to each other in every way.

One great difficulty about any scheme is that a young woman who has chosen a husband on the strength of a photograph may not be so much impressed when she meets him. Then, if unwilling to marry him after all, she is left stranded thousands of miles from her home. The agency would seek to overcome this by only aiding girls prepared to take up work in the Dominion in the event of the prospective husband not proving up to expectations.

To Save Stonehenge.

The sum of £35,000 has been almost collected, with the object of preventing the erection of unsightly buildings in the vicinity of Stonehenge. There was grave danger that adjoining land might pass into the hands of the speculative builder, and house seekers might have been offered "a charming villa with a fine view of Britain's finest monument."

The money which has been raised will be utilized to remove the unsightly and derelict buildings already overshadowing Stonehenge, and to buy up the land within the Stonehenge skyline, thus preserving it from future invasion. A sum of £5,000 remains to be collected, to insure the above objects, which will result in an area of 1,444 acres being preserved in perpetuity.

NO KEEPER NEEDED.

Electric Mechanism Looks After Working of Lights.

Lighthouses controlled entirely by mechanical means will soon be a familiar sight on the English coast. No keeper will need to keep strict watch lest the lamp go out. Everything will be done by the "Robot" lighthouse.

England's first coast lighthouse to be completely turned into a "Robot" is the one at Burnham-on-Sea. Others will soon be commanded are the Penden, the Lizard, the South Foreland, Hartland, and Skerries.

The system by which the light is controlled has been brought out by the General Electric Company. It consists of electric mechanism which carefully looks after the working of the lights but is equipped to deal with emergencies.

The electric lamps are the largest ever made. They are approximately two hundred times more powerful than the ordinary house electric lamps.

There are two of these giant electric lamps in the lighthouse. If one fails it is automatically replaced by the second lamps. If both lamps should go out, or the current fail, an acetylene burner is automatically lighted and swung into position.

English Work Horses Increase.

The day of the horse as a transport agent may be over in America, but in England he's still a factor, Prof. G. H. Wooldridge, president of the National Veterinary Medical Association, declared recently.

Although there has been a decline in the number of horses, Prof. Wooldridge said, there were more horses working in London last year than there were in 1913. Prof. Wooldridge cited the fact that horses were used extensively in the army manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain, where the mechanized army was opposed to the cavalry.

The Malarial Parasite.

The malarial parasite is so small as easily to inhabit the interior of a human red blood corpuscle, of which five million are normally contained in a cubic millimetre of blood (about one-sixth of an average drop.)

Jealousy Caused the BATTLE

But the Outcome Was Hardly What One Lover Expected It Would Be So Far as the 'Tenderfoot' Was Concerned

Watch For the First Chapter of Hamlin Garland's Serial "The Forester's Daughter"

GUARDING BABY PRINCESS

Plainclothesmen Watch Movements of Duke of York's Daughter —Bar Photographers.

The Princess Elizabeth is now among the royal personages in England who are officially "guarded" by Scotland Yard. The reason of this is that the princess is in the direct line of succession to the throne and according to the rules of the Yard must be guarded.

Every night in the ordinary way Scotland Yard is notified of the movements of the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York for the following day; the movement of the Princess Elizabeth are now included in the note despatched every night from 145 Piccadilly to the Yard by the duke's secretary or equerry.

No special arrangements for "guarding" the princess, however, are made except when she is wheeled out in her "pram" in Hyde Park. When this happens two Yard men are detailed to keep an eye on the princess. Recently a photographer not attached to any paper asked the nurses to allow him to "shoot" the princess.

Hardly had the photographer begun to speak to the nurses than the two plainclothesmen from the Yard came up to him and ordered him away. Even if he had been attached to the staff of a London paper he would probably not have been permitted to get the photograph he desired, for the princess' nurses have orders not to give any facilities to press photographers to snap the princess without special permission from the duke or duchess.

The Prince of Wales has been under the guard of Scotland Yard ever since he was a baby. He was born at White Lodge, which is situated in a lonely spot on the uplands of Richmond Park, about eight miles beyond London.

During the prince's babyhood two plainclothesmen from the Yard actually lived at White Lodge and were on duty about the grounds whenever the prince was taken out by his nurses. This was done to safeguard against any possible attempt to kidnap the prince.

The prince has a collection of photographs, one of which depicts him at the age of six standing with two plainclothesmen. The prince himself wrote under the photograph, "David and his two nurses."

King George as a baby was never in the direct line of succession to the throne, and he did not become officially guarded by Scotland Yard until he was eighteen.

Queen Victoria was not in the direct line of succession as a baby, but later, when she did come into the direct line, she was very carefully guarded. On one occasion, when she was sixteen, there was a rumor of a plot to kidnap her, and for three days she was kept indoors at Kensington Palace, all the entrances to which were guarded by plainclothes detectives. In one of her letters Princess Victoria later wrote of her "three dreadful days' imprisonment."

The Flapper's Paradise.

American girls are much more addicted to the use of make-up than their British sisters. There are 1,200 different kinds of face powder and 650 varieties of rouge on sale in the United States.

For the most part, the population of Arabia is composed of nomadic Bedouin tribes.

MELTING STEEL BY RADIO.

Another Secret of the Mysterious Forces of Electricity.

The magicians of science have unravelled still another secret of the mysterious forces of electricity. They have perfected a method of melting steel in a glowing red-white and molten state within a wooden box by wireless.

This latest invention, the first of its kind in the world, has taken the place in the world's workshop at Sheffield, where it will be employed in making and melting steel used in the manufacture of high-speed tool and cutlery steel, writes a Tit-Bits man.

For over two hundred years iron and steel have been melted in pots called "crueibles" by heating them in coal, coke, and gas furnaces. It has been a hot, hard, and long job, taking three, four, and five hours to melt a pot containing 60 pounds of metal. The metal, in its making, has picked up many impurities from the coke and gas, and the steel has never been perfect. Electricity has solved the problem.

I have just seen the wireless furnace at work. It is just a wooden box, standing on a tilting frame in a clean, cool room.

Inside the mystery box is a pot that holds 450 pounds of steel. The pot is surrounded by an inch or two of sand; outside this sand is a brass or copper coil of piping, with water running through it, and the whole is enclosed in a wooden frame which makes the box about four feet square.

Electricity is switched on to the coil, then a sharp staccato crackling starts within the pot, and the steel, although there is no connection between it and the coil, becomes a faint red, then white, and slowly turns, within half an hour, to liquid. In another twenty minutes it is in a white-hot molten state, ready to be poured into ingot moulds. One great advantage is that the metal is free from sulphur and phosphorus effects.

With all this intense heat the pot itself is cold, and even the lid may be lifted with bare hands. The heat consumption is remarkably low, as it is generated exactly where it is needed—inside the metal, and not outside.

There is really no mystery, for just as a wireless crystal picks up other waves, so does the steel in the pot pick up the electrical energy that is bouring around the coils.

This wireless wonder melts seven times the weight of steel possible with the old furnaces, in less than a third of the time, and it make a purer and better mixed steel at lower cost. Scientists have been experimenting with the problem for years, and the establishment of this miracle furnace at the Imperial Steel Works maintains for Great Britain its world supremacy in the manufacture of fine metal, both as regards quality and cost.

The men to whom this achievement is due are satisfied that the powers and wonders of electricity are only beginning to be understood. They visualize the time when great power plants in different parts of the country will radiate their power by wireless to be picked up in works, factories, and houses, wherever it is wanted, and they believe their vision will be realised in the not far distant future.

HOW MUCH WOULD YOU ASK?

Values Put on Human Frame as a Whole.

Few people have the same view of the monetary value of an ear, and not many, I think, would sacrifice their $4.50 as a Chicago woman is reported to be doing.

Judge Cluer a short time ago in England declared that a finger was worth more than $250, while the value of a nose was assessed at $2,250 in an action at Toronto.

The human eye has been rated as the most valuable part of the body, no less than $250,000 being awarded an American doctor who lost the sight of one of his eyes in an accident.

A male expert in the law eyes of the law. At least this was the sum secured by a Paris manneguin who in a street accident lost her ability to look pleasant and claimed $12,500.

An American dancer was given $25,000 for the loss of a leg, but many famous dancers have insured their limbs for much higher amounts than that.

Nothing varies more than the values put on the human frame as a whole. One worth has been put at 60c by one judge and $50,000 by another. The value of a husband to his wife was in one case put at such a meagre amount as threepence.

Weather Service for Aviators.

A scheme for the development of an aviation weather service for aviators is being worked out at the Dominion Meteriological Headquarters at Toronto. The project, it is expected, will result eventually in a network of specially equipped observatories from Newfoundland to British Columbia. The system is being designed primarily for air mail service via the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to guide the 4-100 gigantic dirigible from England, which is scheduled to terminate a transatlantic cruise at Montreal next summer.

King's Nurses.

Followed Her Mate.

The death of Neille, an orang-outang which arrived with her mate, Ginger, at the London Zoo in 1925, brought to an end a drama of apelife. About two months ago Ginger Neille contracted a cold, and, hiding herself with straw, and refusing all consolation. She died apparently from grief.

London Has 85,000 Shops.

There are 85,000 shops in London, excluding the City.

Is Making Marked Progress.

Bee keeping is making marked progress in Saskatchewan, according to P. M. Pugh, bee keeping specialist of the Department of Agriculture. In 1927 particularly large yields were secured over the province. A colony of bees on an average year furnish the owner with 75 pounds or more of honey. Last year the average yield per colony was well above this figure. One bee keeper obtained nearly five and a half tons of honey, the largest crop of honey ever produced by one bee in Saskatchewan.

AN AGE OF BIG THINGS

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF MACHINERY.

Hinges Which Hold Eighty-Five-Ton Doors—Giant Water Mains—Bolts Seven Feet Long — Twenty-Ton Propellers.

This is an age of big things. Articles which would have been white elephants a few decades ago are now in common use, chiefly on account of the demand for speed and despatch, and still more as a result of the growth and development of machinery and appliances for handling big things.

It is easy to imagine, says a writer in Answers, the colossal size and cost of the hinges for the new steel gates now being built at the Tilbury Docks, hinges that have to resist the force of millions of tons of water. But few people probably realize how massive are the hinges for strong-room doors to-day.

In the new safe deposit vaults at the First National Bank, Boston, the hinges are of solid forged steel; they are nine feet high, weigh five tons, and cost $1,000 each. The doors themselves are thirty-six inches thick and weigh eighty-five tons. When you think that this is two hundred-weight more than the weight of the engine for the new L.M.S. express Royal Scot, you get an idea of the strength of doors like these.

Everybody is familiar with the concrete pipes three or four feet in diameter used for sewers or water mains in the towns of Britain. But these are pygmies compared with the biggest pipe ever built, a monster thirty feet in diameter and half a mile long, recently installed in the Jaje-Shawinche Power Station near Grenoble.

This is big enough for two vans to pass each other in, with room for another overhead if there was a road! In practice it is used to drive a 100,000 h.p. turbine that generates electricity to light the neighboring towns.

Colossal bolts and bars can be seen on the doors of the dungeons at the Tower of London, but perhaps the biggest bolts ever made are those that are going to be used in the great new steel bridge over Sydney Harbor. This will be the longest arch bridge in the world and will span 1,650 feet, nearly a third of a mile, without a single intermediate support. The two halves of the arch will be built out simultaneously from either side of the harbor until they meet in the middle.

Although all precautions are taken to ensure that the two halves of the arch will be in line, it is quite possible that one may be an inch or so wide of the other when they meet. In order to bring the two halves dead level, two great steel bolts, ten inches square and seven feet long, with tapered ends, are driven out of one half into specially prepared guides in the other half.

These huge bolts weigh over a ton each, and some idea of their size is given by the fact that two 100-ton hydraulic jacks are required to drive them home!

A man in the merchant service was swept overboard in the Channel during a violent storm in November, 1914. Fortunately he got entangled in the log line and hauled back on board. And he told me that he had never realized the size of a ship's screw till he saw the blades racing through the water within a few feet of his face. And well he might be scared!

The propeller of a liner is twenty-four feet across and weighs about twenty tons. It is usually made of hard bronze, and may cost over $5,000. The rudders of these ships, too, are gigantic things. For example, the Cunard liner Carmania has a rudder fifteen by eighteen feet that weighs thirty-six tons. The rudder and screw together of a ship like this would weigh as much as a crowd of 1,000 people.

In the Solar Observatory at Mt. Wilson, Cal., there is the biggest mirror ever made for astronomical purposes. It is five feet in diameter, weighs over a ton, and the front of it is ground concave to an accuracy of a thousandth of an inch. It forms one of the world's greatest telescopes.

The telescope, thirty feet long, is controlled by electricity, and housed in a sixty-foot dome. The making and silvering of such a mirror costs thousands of dollars, as perhaps fifty batches of glass might have to be rejected before the greatest care, and then rejected because the glass was not absolutely true, before a good enough batch could be obtained.

The huge armature of a transformer in a power station are another example of the proportions everyday objects attain when science demands high and efficient duties. Everybody knows the little copper terminals on a radio set or a battery, for which no insulation is needed even than the air space between them.

But the terminals on a 120,000-volt transformer may be as much as seven inches high and fifteen inches thick at the bottom, tapering out away from each other so that they do not spark across the top, and these, in the Atlantic cruise at Montreal next summer.

Longest Flight.

In the last twenty-four years, distance flying has advanced from the non-stop record made by the Wright in 1908 of 77 miles to that of Chamberlin in 1927 of 3,905 miles.

American Tourist Traffic.

A recent report issued by the Secretary of Commerce of the United States Government at Washington estimated the American tourist traffic into Canada as representing $200,000,000 of the $763,000,000 spent by Americans in foreign countries for the year.

New Scallop Beds.

Two new scallop beds have been discovered off the coast of Nova Scotia, near Digby. It is stated that they are the largest yet discovered in the waters off the coast of this province.

FEBRUARY
29 DAYS
4 SUNDAYS
25 days for business. Make everyone of them count.
Shop at C. D. S. L.

SEARCHLIGHT SPECIALS

FEBRUARY
The dead month is kept alive with super extraordinary values at this store. We want you to share in our searchlight specials.

For Thrifty February Shoppers at Store No. 10

FINAL CLEARANCE OF KIDDIES, MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS AT HALF PRICE

Every coat in the stock is included in this final reduction. Original prices, cost prices, and profits have been completely forgotten in our zeal for immediate clearance in these lines.

Here are the quantities, sizes and reduced prices:

FOR KIDDIES

One size 21 for $4.25.
One size 22 for $3.75.
One size 22 for $2.48.
One size 23 for $3.75.
One size 23 for $4.25.
One size 24 for $4.25.

FOR BOYS

Two size 31 for $5.00.
One size 31 for $7.50.
Two size 32 for $5.00.
One size 32 for $7.00.
One each size 33 for $5.00 and $7.00.
Four size 33 for $7.50.
Two size 34 for $5.00.
Three size 34 for $7.50
One size 35 for $7.50.
One size 36 for $5.00.

FOR MEN

One size 36 for $12.50.
Two size 37 for $15.00.
Two size 38 for $12.50.
One size 38 for $15.00.
Three size 38 for $17.50.
One size 39 for $10.00.
One size 39 for $12.50.
One size 39 for $15.00.
One size 40 for $12.50.
One size 42 for $7.50.
One size 44 for $10.00.
One size 46 for $10.00.

MEN'S FUR COATS, $39.00 EACH
WERE $47.50

These are made from heavy Kalgan goat skins, that have been sheared and dressed to an attractive, dark coloring.

They're real coats for winter wear.

Come in and see them.

WOMEN'S SILK AFTERNOON DRESSES ARE BEING CLEARED AT HALF PRICE

A special group—portraying individual and exclusive styles in an authentic range of colors and materials.

"SHOPPING SERVICE"

Snow and ice may block the highways and byways, but the "mail man" usually gets through.

We give special attention to mail and 'phone orders.

WOMEN'S FUR TRIMMED WINTER COATS ARE BEING CLEARED AT HALF PRICE

Don't delay longer if you want a real choice Coat.

Only a limited number left.

Gigantic Sale of Remnants
February 1st to 11th

Our tremendous selling during the month of January has left us with stacks and stacks of Remnants in the various department throughout the store. In our wearapparel departments we have numerous one-of-a-kind garments left.

These we are considering as "Remnants" and are offering them to you at drastically reduced prices.

Featured are useable lengths in Piece Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Draperies, Curtain Materials, Men's Overcoats, Women's Winter Coats, Women's Dresses, Boys' Overcoats. Everything offered is dependable merchandise of non-surpassable quality

All are Openly Displayed for Quick Inspection

HALF PRICE

Come Early for Best Choice

TAPESTRY RUGS AT HALF PRICE

All seamless in construction and woven from exceedingly good quality yarns. Designs favor conventional and floral patterns in several artistic color combinations.

Choose and save.

25-PIECE ENGLISH TEA SET
A $7.50 VALUE FOR
$3.95 EACH

Moulded from a heavy quality clay and finished with a highly polished surface. Decorations on these sets show a flare for bright and unusual colorings. Only a few sets left.

SAVE 25 PER CENT. ON MATCHED LINEN SETS

7 SETS, REG. $7.40 FOR
$5.55 SET

Woven from exceedingly fine pure linen yarns, beautifully now white.

One 68 x 86 in. cloth and 12 20 x 20 in. napkins in the set.

4 SETS REG. $5.45 FOR
$4.09 SET

In bleached linen of exceptional quality.

Cloth measures 70 x 70 inches.

½ doz. napkins, 22 x 22 inches.

3 SETS REG. $4.50 FOR
$3.39 SET

Cloth measures 70 x 70 inches.

½ doz. napkins, 22 x 22 inches.

FRENCH NOTE PAPER REDUCED
BOXES AT 35 49, 75 95 CENTS EACH

The savings here are certainly worth while. Then too, the quality is a step out of the ordinary.

Each box comes daintily colored.

Choose a year's supply.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. McCormack and Miss Jean McCormack are spending a few weeks in Toronto.

Mrs. Perry Detlor has returned from spending a month with her son in Ottawa.

Mrs. Clarke, Cowan, Man., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Ackerman, Anderson.

Miss Dorcas Randall, Pittsburgh, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randall.

Mr. G. E. Hall, Montreal, spent a few days last week with his mother, Mrs. W. F. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vines, Toronto, spent last week the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tierney.

Mr. J. L. Boyes attended the meeting of the Central Ontario Fairs Association at Belleville on Thursday last.

Mrs Kirby, Calgary, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mr. John Lynn, Watertown, N. Y., is attending the funeral of his grandmother, the late Mrs. Sarah Lynn.

Mrs. Woodcock, Brockville, is in Napanee attending the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Lynn.

Rev. W. P. Woodger spent the week-end in Gananoque, where he preached Sunday School anniversary sermons. Rev. T. R. Perry, of Gananoque, occupied the pulpit of Grace church.

DEATHS

Martin—At Napanee, on Thursday, Jan. 26th, 1928, Mrs. Nancy Martin, aged 87 years, 3 months.

McCutcheon—At Richmond, on Friday, Jan. 24th, 1928, Elizabeth McCutcheon, beloved wife of Mr. Archie McCutcheon, aged 59 years.

Lynn—At Napanee, on Monday, Jan. 30th, 1928, Sarah Lynn, aged 92 years, 7 months. The funeral takes place Wednesday, from her late residence, Water street, at 2 p.m.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Here and There

Another barometer of the state of Western Canada's agricultural progress is the sale of school lands in the Prairie Provinces which in 1927 were the best on record. In all 480,408 acres were disposed of for a total of $8,983,967, representing an average of $18.70 per acre. The lowest price obtained was $7 per acre and the highest $79.

Appointment was announced recently of R. F. Angus to be assistant superintendent of the C.P.R. Montreal Terminals. Mr. Angus, who joined the Canadian Pacific Railway as a clerk in 1919, is the grandson of R. B. Angus, one of the creators of the system, and nephew of Sir Vincent Meredith, chairman of the Bank of Montreal.

Ten-year-old John Wyllie Barbour travelled recently alone from his aunt in Los Angeles to his father in Glasgow, a distance of about seven thousand miles, in care of C.P.R. train and boat officials from Chicago on. John thought the climate here was little different to California and wore no overcoat or had left it packed in his trunk, but he changed his mind at Montreal where he struck sub-zero weather. He arrived safe and sound, and will come back in the spring.

A paradise for the outside camper will be ready next summer when the government finishes the new camp ground in the Rocky Mountains Park within half a mile of Banff, on Tunnel Mountain. The camp, which on its old site last July accommodated 11,553 persons, is specially popular among prairie farmers between seeding time and harvest. Charge is only a dollar for a party for three weeks, and running water, garbage removal, dinner shelters, electric light and even pay telephones are provided for campers.

Around ten thousand snowshoers and their friends will visit Montreal on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Canadian Snowshoers' Association to be held in Montreal February 3-6. The convention is international in scope since it takes in the American Snowshoers' Association with over 1,500 members in the states of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, while there are also representatives from the Manitoba Snowshoers' Association and local bodies from all over the province of Quebec.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

HEALTH.

It is often difficult to give a meaning to words which we use every day. One of these words is "Health." We say that we are healthy and yet, when asked to explain what we mean, we likely find it almost impossible to put our meaning into words.

In the first place, when we are healthy, we are free from any obvious disease. That perhaps is the commonest idea of health. As long as an individual goes about his work and does not complain, he is thought of as healthy.

As a matter of fact, such people are not necessarily healthy in anything like the full meaning of the word. Freedom from actual disease is desirable, but health is far more than that. Health is something positive, something that brings happiness to us. The person with health faces the day's work with confidence, finds pleasure in his occupation, is able to do better work and can fully enjoy the hours of relaxation.

It is surprising the number of people who spend more or less miserable life, unable to accomplish the things of which they are capable because they have not healt. These same people are surprised when, on a medical examination, they learn there is something wrong with their bodies, something not perhaps serious enough to cause death, but sufficient to handicap them in their daily life and, perhaps, to make them grow prematurely old.

Again, there are those who miss the happiness that comes with health and yet are free from any physical blemish. These are the people who are not following the simple rules of hygenic living. We cannot rob our bodies of rest, fresh air or proper food and continue to have health.

Health is a condition of physical well-being that comes to those who are free from physical defects and who follow the simple rules of hygienic living.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Statistics show that 2 6out of every 100 persons in Canada die from tubercular disease, between the ages of 15 and 24 years," said Miss Julia Stewart, head of the social service work of The Samaritan Club in Toronto, at a recent meeting. "Twice as many girls as boys die in the adolescent period," continued the speaker. "Are the mothers as careful of the girls as they might be ?" The workers were depending on the Women's Institutes in the rural districts to keep a vigilant eye on the youth of the community and warn the parents in time, of the danger. At present we know of two pretty, bright eyed girls under twenty, dying in tuberculosis hospitals, one from exposure to cold in light clothing and the other from an unwise attempt at dieting to get the "slim, boyish figure," now becoming a back number in Dame Fashion's book.

Miss Emily Guest, who is well-known among the W. I. members of Ontario, has inspired the girls of Sybenham, in Frontenac country with a desire to make their own pretty frocks and now three classes are being held in the large dining room of the village hotel and the instructor from the Department of Agriculture has six-ty girls at work. Surely the remnant counter now-a-days would tempt any girl with clever fingers and the vogue for a blouse top of different material make the smaller ends of value. Then the pretty underthings of silk and fine lawn for summer that the girls are making are perfectly charming. The dainty embroidery gives a delightful touch that the neat handed maiden can add. Neatness is an essential for embroidery. The girl who says "I can do it in a few hours" might also say "and do it badly." If you are in a hurry, choose a simple, small design, but do it with tiny stitches taken close together.

Elizabeth D. writes to 'Lucinda' that she is interested in the idea of making use of the market brought to the rural districts by the influx of tourists, which promises to be larger than ever in 1928. She lives with her father, who is elderly, on a road that joins the highway seven miles from her home. She has not joined Women's Institute, because it is hard for her to get to the meetings, but she would like to find a sale for her braided mats, some of which won a prize at the county fair. Now braided mats are very popular in many parts of the United States, especially in the New England States, where there is a revival of the colonial style for both town houses and the large, airy summer homes by the sea and in the mountains. Elizabeth D.—may have seen pictures of bed rooms with casement windows, with little white curtains, beds and dressing tables of a quaint old style and the painted or hardwood floor dotted here and there with oval braided mats. In just such a room "Lucinda" spent a night among the hills of Vermont when on a motor trip and feels sure if the tourists who come from the Eastern States were to see "Elizabeth's" mats, especially if she has made them with a bit of bright color in the weave, that they would pay her enough to make it worth her while to spend some of the winter afternoons and evenings working on them. But why not join the W. I. Isn't there someone living near you that would take you along to the meetings ?

What about a Junior Red Cross branch in your school ? It is simply amazing what the Juniors are doing both for themselves and others. For themselves they are learning the principles of health in little ways that will make habits of health and we all know how hard it is to break a habit. For others, the sufferings of other children naturally appeal to the girls and boys of their own age and the magazine of the Canadian Red Cross is full of stories of what the school children of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are doing for crippled little ones.

If you have'nt heard school children sing for a few years, go and hear them the first time you have an opportunity and you will be pleasantly surprised. Perhaps your recollections will go back to the days of the Great War when on all possible occasions the school children were gathered to sing "The Mapul Leaf Forever," pronouncing the name of our national tree as if it were spelled with a "U," or inciting us in strident toe to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." But today, all this is changed in the city schools and in many of the rural schools where, possibly through the influence of the Women's Institutes the children are being given singing lessons by competent teachers. Sweet and true, with modulated voices and a distinct and correct pronounciation, our children sing today. Some of you may have heard them at the Christmas closing singing of the "Three Kings of Orient." If you did you made up your mind that the young generation was musical. Not any more so than your's was, but they have been taught to sing. The radio should help to give even the more isolated an idea of correct singing, for now in many a lonely farmhouse the voices of highly trained singers are heard nightly and programs that a few years ago could only have been enjoyed by a visit to New York and expensive seats at an Opera House, are listened to by the family gathered in the living room of a Canadian rural home.

Did you ever make taffy apples? If not try them this way for the children's party. 1 cup of brown sugar, ½ cup of granulated sugar, ½ cup of corn syrup, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, ½ cup of water, 1 tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt. Cook sugar, syrup, water and butter until the mixture crackles in cold water, remove from the fire and add flavoring. Stick a skewer in the stem end of an apple and dip, one at a time, into the hot syrup. Place on greased paper to cool. These apples sell rapidly at a candy table, especially when children are at a sale.

STOMACH GAS DRIVES MAN FROM BED

"I had gas so bad I had to get up nights on account of the pressure on my heart. I used Adlerika and have been entirely relieved."—R. F. Krueger.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas and often removes astonishing amount of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

Skates Sharpened.

If you want to be absolutely sure that your skates are properly ground, leave them at the work shop of Harry Vine, on Bridge street. Satisfaction guaranteed and prompt service. 6

DESERONTO.

A very successful tea, under the auspices of the United Church was held at the home of Mrs. P. M. Steven on Friday afternoon. Mrs. H. Sager poured tea and was assisted in serving by Mrs. O. Fitchett, Misses B. Joyce and McMahon.

Mesdames Harrison, VanDusen and Miller have returned from attending the Women's Missionary Society in Picton.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. Porter, of Port Hope, s the guest of her daughter, Mrs. V. G. Pearce.

Mr. Thomas Hetherington, of Belleville, spent the week-end at his home here.

The auditors are busy working on the town books.

Miss Helen Harvey has returned home after visiting friends in Windsor and Toronto.

Miss Vivian Oliver spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. Donaldson, who has spent some time in Peterboro, has returned home.

Messrs. L. C. Metcalfe and Wm. Seals have returned from attending the Canners' Convention.

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